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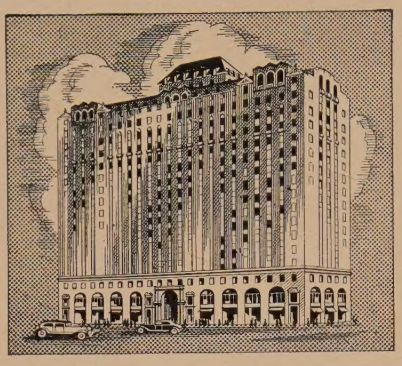
The SOUTHERN Magazine

Mountain Number

April 1935

Vol. II 25c Copy No. 1



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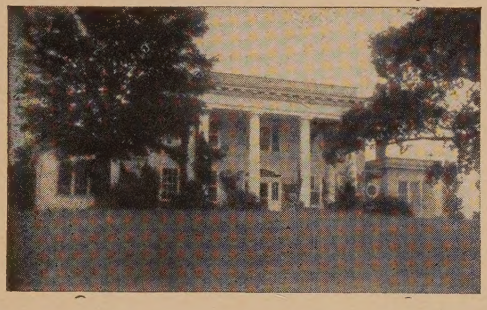

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Have you heard a robin sing,
When you can keep from thinking
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* * * *

We wish we could give, even in part, extracts from the letters we daily receive, praising The Southern Magazine. We hope to print a page of excerps in the near future to show our appreciation. For the present we can only say "We thank you".

* * * *

The next edition of The Southern Magazine will be devoted to the state of Texas. The material has been carefully prepared by some of the formost writers of the state and much of the data given in this issue will not be obtainable in other form. Several hundred extra copies will be published, but in order to secure one, it will be to your advantage to send in a subscription at once. This issue has been in preparation for months and only the best will be given to the public at this time. Many chapters are making 'State Studies" from the material in The Southern Magazine. Texas will provide them with not only excellent material but with copies of many unusual pictures. Governor James V. Allred sends letter of greeting and commendation for work of magazine.

* * * *

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS. Do not send newspaper clippings. Do not send hand written articles. Do not send poems, except to Mrs. Grace Ridings of Sherman, Texas, and if you desire returns from her send postage for it. Do not send articles unless accompanied by sufficient return postage. Do not send photographs unless accompanied by check of $3.50, unless solicited. Reminiscences can not be used. PLEASE DO NOT SEND THEM TO US. Plans for each issue are made months in advance. Last minute material can not be used. The Southern Magazine is just what it is named. It is not devoted to any one period of our South's history. We desire unusual and interesting material, well written and of a general appeal.

* * * *

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MOUNTAIN ROAD

Garden Week In Virginia

By CLAUDIA M. HAGY

OUR thoughts will turn this month to the garden, whether it is pent house variety or one covering a vast estate. It may be our first garden, or it may be age old, but whatever it is and where ever, it will be to us a subject of supreme satisfaction and for some weeks to come an occupation which will hold us inthralled by its facination.

In Old Virginia, planning for Garden Week, which has become an annual, is taking place, and those who can not tour the wonderful and historic gardens in this state are reading about them.

All over America there are gardens famed for their beauty and magnificence, and thousands of formal efforts which are outstanding triumphs in horticulture and botanical perfection, but Virginia Gardens are different. Age, history, courage, love supreme and eternal, has made these gardens. Hands that ceased their labor a hundred years ago planted them and tended them. They are the offsprings of roots and seedlings brought across the sea to keep forever here in the new world the reminder of those fair lands they were never to see again. Tears watered them, green leaf buds and promise of flowers cheer them through lonely days, when the iron heel of war and adversity crushed them into oblivion, they arose again more beautiful than before through the restoration work of the Garden Clubs of the state. So when Garden Week is celebrated in Old Virginia, it is something more than mere gardens we see when we visit them, it is the history of our country presented in the language of flowers.

Entering the state from Washington City, the guide book for the week will direct one first to Gadsby's Tavern in Alexandria which has recently been restored. The garden here is a small formal Courtyard Garden typical of the city tavern in which you will find old fashioned flowers, shrubs and herbs and box as it was in the days when Gadby's Tavern was known as City Tavern, prior to 1794. It is a famous landmark. Not only was it a public resort in Colonial days when the highway from Williamsburg passed through this section north to Philadelphia and New York, but it was the scene of some of the most interesting events in American history. As a popular social center, it was frequented by the Washingtons, Lees, Fairfax, Masons, Randolphs, Dandridges, Carters, Fitzhughes, Carlyles, Dulaneys, Blairs, Ramseys, Drakes, Tylers, Harrisons, Allens and hundreds of others who made the history of the early settlements. They have walked in the bit of court yard and lingered by the famous doorway. Washington was commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel here. His headquarters were in Gadby when he was preparing to go with Braddock's Army on the eventful and ill fated western expedition. Here Lafayette, De Kalb and John Paul Jones met and journeyed together to Philadelphia to begin their several careers in the Revolutionary War. Here was held a brilliant reception on Washington's birthday and one also to Lafayette. Washington reviewed for the last time his troops and from Gadsby gave his last military order.

Mount Vernon, seven miles away will possibly be the next objective and a vision of loveliness awaits you in the garden where Martha Washington loved to linger among the jonquils, cowslips, violets and crocus which carpet the entire place with loveliness. Here are the trees and shrubs which Washington planted and cared for, the vines brought from England and age old roses which will bloom again this spring. Several miles to the east stands Gunston Hall in Fairfax County. The land was patented by Richard Turney in 1651. He was afterwards hanged for taking part in Bacon's Rebellion. The beautiful brick colonial home was erected in 1758 by George Mason the Fourth, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights. The approach is through an avenue of magnificent box which almost obscures the dwelling. The garden too is noted for its labyrinth of box where in spring and summer a profusion of flowers are a mass of color against the dark green foliage.

On our way we pass Pohick church where Washington worshiped and which was erected in 1772 after a controversy between Washington and George Mason, the second, in regard to its location. The land in this section and along Dogue's Run reminds us that William Dudley first patented land in 1657. He was one of the staunch supporters of Bacon in the rebellion of 1676. Passing through the town of Dunfries, with its interesting history, we linger a few minutes to read of its past glory. It was established in 1749 and became the great tobacco market of the colonies. Rich merchants in red cloaks and cocked hats crowded into the counting houses. The Lees, Turbervilles, Brents, McCartys, Fitzhughes, Dudleys, Carters drove into Dumfries in chariots and coaches for festive occasions of tea drinking, balls and shopping.

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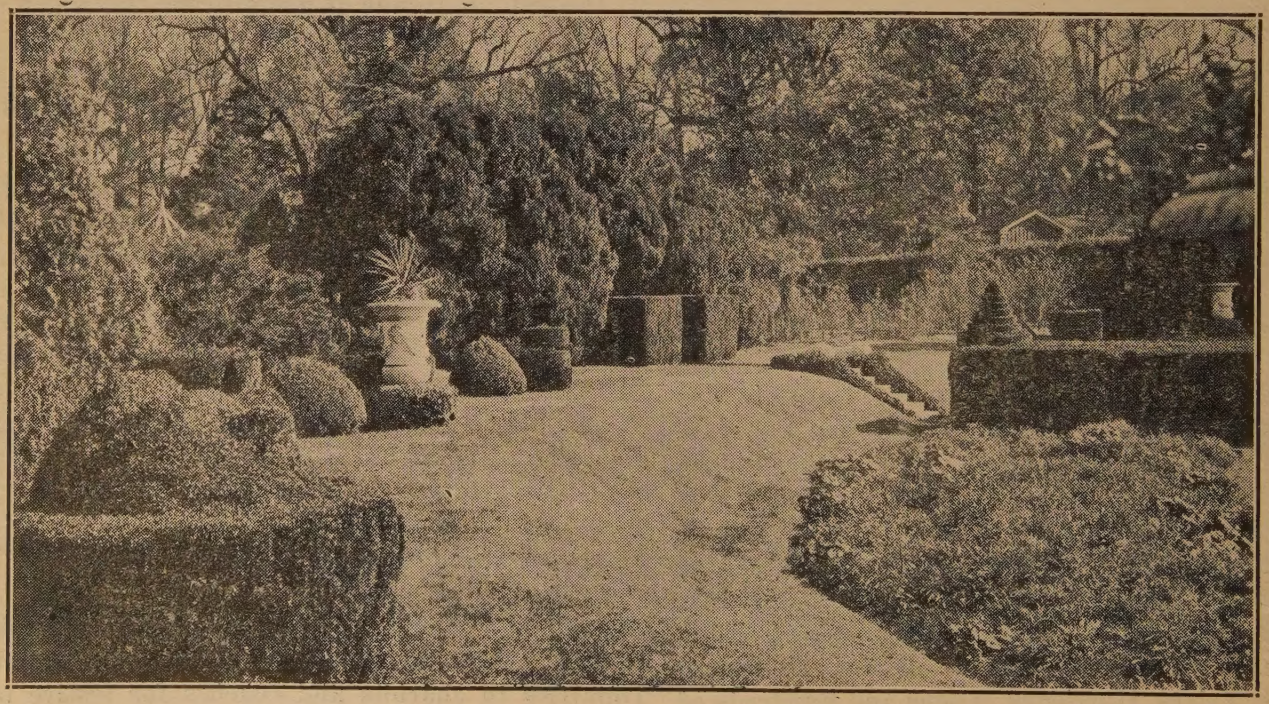
A play house here presented, according to Washington's Diary. The Recruiting Officer which he attended, Andrew Buchanan, is said to have laid out the first thoroughfare and called it "Virginia Stree" upon which his son erected the famous "Virginia Mansion". After the Revolution, Dunfries passed into decay and only the reminents of ruins are to be seen today.

Over a section traveled by America's greatest men we enter a small town, Falmouth, from which the glory, too, has passed. At one time it was the commercial rival of Fredericksburg. It was a milling town and lines of English ships stood at the piers to unload English goods and to receive American products in return. Here lived the first millionaire Basil Gordon, the merchant, and where to the day of his death he kept in-tact the tiny store where he first weighted out brown sugar by the half pound which his friends came in jest, to purchase.

Just before we reach Fredericksburg we turn left to famous Stratford the home of the Lee family which is now being restored under the Lee-Stratford Memorial Association. It is the only house in America which was built by the financial assistance of a Queen of England. It is one of the most imposing historical residences in Virginia. The Garden Clubs of the State are restoring the gardens which will soon bloom again as in the days of the colonial period. At Chatham we visit one of the beautiful estates, which remains just as built by William Fitzhugh the third, who is generally credited with the erection of the magnificent residence. There is a story which is told in connection with Chatham to the effect that Fitzhugh was a classmate of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham and the Earl commissioned Sir Christopher Wrenn to draw the plans for Chatham. The rarely beautiful mansion sits in the middle of a terraced garden, overlooking the spires and towers of Fredericksburg and the sweep of the blue Rappahannock. Here the lovely wealth of colorful springtime flowers, which bloom in mass profusion, are a joy to the heart of the visitor.

Fredericksburg is filled with gardens and history. The whole town looks like a huge flower bed in the spring time. Forsythia swaying in the breeze, wisteria sweeping in festoons from the trees, and houses, violets, iris, tulips, hyacinths and jonquils fill the air with perfume.

It has been styled the city of National Shrines so filled is it with interesting points connected with history, Colonial, Revolutionary and the Period of the War Between the States. One of the most interesting places is Kenmore. Restored, both house and garden, by the Kenmore Association, it presents to us a charming appearance. It was owned by Fielding Lewis who was a maker of guns for the Revolution and Betty, his wife, the only sister of George Washington. Another home of interest which is seldom passed is the Mary Washington house where the mother of George lived and where George spent much of his time in later years. The little Apothecary Shop owned by Dr. Hugh Mercer hero of Coloden, who practised medicine and sold drugs. Washington kept his desk here for a number of years, transacting the business of his Rappahannock farm. The Rising Sun Tavern which



FAMOUS MONTPELIER GARDENS

s a bit of quaint architecture was the gathering lace of the patriots and here resolutions antidaing the Declaration of Independance were draftd. Washington frequented this Tavern possibly nore than any other public house, as he was much n Fredericksburg. A spiteful English writer once aid of Washington, that it would have been impossible for him to have risen to his high position without the influence of his friends the Tavern Keepers, hereby proving position of these men as important in molding the sentiment of the public which was indeed a well known fact.

Hanover county lies close to Richmond and we pass through it and the lovely town of Ashland which was named for the home of Henry Clay, which he built near Lexington Ky. It was here that the "Mill boy of the Slashes" came with his corn to grind in his poverty stricken youth. Patrick Henry lived near by at Hanover Court House and was often a traveler over this road into Richmond, and Williamsburg. What a wealth of history lies in Richmond for the student or visitor! St. John's church where Patrick Henry gave voice to his emotions and aroused the American Colonies to action that culminated in the Revolution. The Edgar Allen Poe Shrine with its garden along the brick walls and paths where the Virginia poet lived while in Richmond. The Valentine Museum with its exquisite woodwork, its collection of handsome period furniture and the garden to the rear where trees and shrubs carry us back a hundred years or more. Hickory Hill which was one of the famous Carter homes is noted for its tall boxwood. which are a notable and magnificent feature of the rare old garden with its terraces, trees and arbors.

Leaving Richmond on the Petersburg pike, we pass the famous Halfway House which has recently been restored as one of the early Taverns of this section. In Petersburg, old Blandford Cemetery, the Crater and the Military Park Areas will be worth at least half day of study.

Near Petersburg, at the wonder city of Hopewell, with its rise and fall equaling that of the Roman Empire, is Appomattox Manor. This lovely spot was given by grant to Colonel Francis Eppes in 1635. The land has always remained in the family. The house is the oldest in this section. The garden on the bank of the James River is particularly beautiful in the spring time, with wealth of blooming shrubs and plants. For peace-time history we drift down the highway, following the course of the James River to the sea. Here are the real Virginia plantation homes with much of their former glory retained. Where Chipoak Creek bends its way through the tangle of Virginia Creeper and yellow jessamine of the woodlands and flows into Lazy River about twenty miles above Jamestown, stands Claremont Manor sometimes called the "House of a Thousand Mysteries".

Claremont Manor was built in 1660 and presided over what was said to have been the second land grant by the English crown on the new continent, a tract covering 12,000 acres. And there is a romantic story, connected with the grant, though its authenticity has never been determined.

Two princes of the House of Hanover, which once held the English throne, loved a girl of tender birth. They were Allen and Eric Guelph. Eric was the successful suitor. On his wedding night he was fatally stabbed. With a cloud over his name and evil rumors floating about him, Allen Guelph, with royal cognizance, sailed for Virginia and asserted his ownership of Clarmont grant. Later, taking the name of Major Allen, he built the manor. This Allen who also built the famous Bacon's Castle, not so far from Clarmont in Surry County, was speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1688.

The former Allen mansion is said to be an exact replica of Claremont Manor in Surry County, England, which was once a favorite country residence of the royal family. Through the turmoil of the early Colonial days, Virginia's Claremont Manor stood staunchly and with a placid majesty threw off the attacks of the white men, the Indian and the Negro slave in insurrection with the same

VIEW FROM GARDEN AT SHOAL BAY

ease that it has repulsed the onslaughts of time. During Nat Turner's rebellion it was a haven for the white people of the countryside. Its successive owners—the long line of Allens—fought with conspicuous bravery for the new Colonies in the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812, when Norfolk was captured and Washington burned.

From the day of George Washington until the War Between the States when the Allens cast their lot with the Confederacy, every President of the United States was entertained at Claremount Manor and the "Room of the President" is particularly cherished by the owners. Edgar Allen Poe is said to have passed much time at the manor, though the Allen family by whom he was adopted in Richmond was no relation to the Allens of Claremont. Several of Poe's better known poems are declared to have been written in the tranquil gardens of the park which borders the languid river. Blended with the atmosphere of mystery clinging to the old mansion is a delicate beauty which the poet ensnared and transplanted to his verse. Poe was wont to stroll the broad avenues which glide among well-ordered rows of oak and linden, and down the winding path which creeps among the hedges of English boxwood. Claremont Manor is a vision in poetry and the genius of Poe found in it the glory of inspiration.

Turning left at Burrowsville, you travel down a narrow wood road and reach Brandon where possibly the most beautiful of the old gardens in the country are to be seen. The sheer loveliness of the place in the spring time is difficult to describe. One passes into a floral kingdom of the days long since forgotten, rare flowers which grew in colonial gardens. The air is sweet with their mingle fragrance, the vista is one of ever changing color and beauty. The present mansion was built about 1765. It is a fine example of colonial architecture, but the glory of the entire place are the gardens. Point Pleasant on the James River is one of the very ancient structures. The house is situated on a hill commanding a fine view of the river for a stretch of fifteen or more miles. The land was patented by William Edwards in 1657. Near by is Swann's Point where 1200 acres of land were patented to William Swann in 1635. The family were noted in the annals of the early colonial history of Virginia. Eastover and Chippokes are a short distance from Surry and worth a visit for the garden enthusiast. On the Highway near Surry, one passes a quaint little brick house labled "Glebe House" which was built before 1724 and was the glebe house of Southwick Parish. The ruins of the old church are seen on the right of the road. The next building of interest is Bacon's Castle a queer looking brick structure. The built-in walls, the huge triple chimneys, circular window in the upper story which was supposed to be the gunnery, make it special attraction to visitors although the garden has long since disappeared. The building is possibly the oldest house in this section as it was built about 1660 by Arthur Allen. The place was siezed during the Bacon Rebellion and fortified by his followers. A dungeon and huge fireplaces are unusual features.

The next place to attract attention is Shoal Bay which is at present one of the few places on James River open to guests through the spring, summer and autumn.

One of the first attempts at formal gardening in America is found in the records of Shoal-Bay-on-the-James River not for from the town of Smithfield, Virginia. It forms a part of a delightfully romantic and thrilling history of the colonial settlement, going back over three-hundred years to the very dawn of civilization in the "New World".

It is one of the few places on this noted river which is easily accessible from the highway and it is annually visited by thousands motoring from Washington, Richmond and other points south by way of Norfolk, Virginia, for the purpose of viewing this age old and beautiful garden to which the centuries passed have mellowed the entrancing loveliness and added an indescribable charm.

CREPE MYRTLE TREES AT SHOAL BAY

The location is an impressive one on a commanding eminence, eighty feet above the water overlooking beautiful Burwell's Bay and the James. Broad terraces gently slope to the white sandy beach below stretching as far as the eye can see.

The charm of Shoal Bay today is only rivaled by the facination of its historical associations.

It was early in 1620 that Richard Bennett, a wealthy merchant of London in concession for funds loaned his royal highness, received a grant of land in the new world upon condition that he would settle two-hundred emigrants upon his plantation. Associated with him in this venture were his brother Robert Bennett, and his nephews, Thomas Wiseman and Richard Wiseman.

In February of 1622, the good little ship "Sea Flower" arrived in Virginia with one-hundred and twenty-two settlers headed by Capt. Richard Hamer one of the council, Rev. William Bennett, George Harrison and Edward Bennett all associated in the plan of colonization.

Edward Bennett's share was 1,500 acres and by a deed recorded in the clerk's office dated April 8, 1663, the grant was divided between his two daughters, Mary and Sylvestra, the latter receiving the section now known as "Shoal Bay". She married Major Nicholas Hill and at her death left the land to her friend Mrs. Mary Baker and at her decease to her god-daughter, Mary Baker.

The last surviving member of the Baker family sold the grant to Nathaniel Burwell for whom the bay near by was named. The Cocke family next came into possession of the place and then sold it to the Wrenn family, a collateral branch of Sir Christopher Wrenn, famous architect. Mr. Charles Wrenn sold the land to Richard Randolph Turner who willed it to his son, Dr. William Danridge Turner who gave it to his son, Thomas Randolph Turner, the present occupant of "Shoal Bay".

It was most probably Sylvestra Bennett's mother who brought with her from the fair hedgerows of her English garden, the slips and vines and shrubs with which she adorned the slopes of her new home and gave to it the atmosphere of quality and culture she had known in the old world gardens. Certainly it was Mary Baker who sent to England "for seeds for her garden".

Bordering the upper terrace in a long and perfect semi-circle are masses of giant box trees towering over twenty feet in height with equal spread. One peering into their depths will see that they are the off-shoots of noble trees long since passed away. On one side of this magnificent background the terraces dotted with shrubs and trees slope away to the James and on the other side their glittering foliage throws into bold relief the maize of crepe myrtles, the finest possibly in America. During the months of July, August and September, they flaunt their vivid rose colored blossoms in the breeze, a flame against the sky which can be seen miles away across the river.

In spring time the terraces are golden with thousand of daffodils, jomquils, narcissus and tulips nodding in the breeze. Hedges and clumps of forsythia glow against the green shrubery. Swaying from tree tops are streamers of yellow jessamine which scents the air with its allusive fragrance. Iris and wisteria add their purple charm to the perfect picture.

Leaving Shoal Bay one reaches in a few minutes drive, the town of Smithfield, Virginia, which is famed the world over for its hams. Near Smithfield is St. Lukes Church erected in 1632 with date stamped in the brick. The old building is unique as it is picturesque. It is said to be the oldest brick protestant church in America. It is of the same type of the Jamestown church, as the ruins show. These two were the only buttressed churches of the seventeenth century in America.

If one's trip is extended to Norfolk, there is one gem you will wish to see. It is the Adam Thoroughgood Home in Princess Ann county. It is the oldest brick house of English Construction in America, it is stated. The house was erected in 1634. Architects from every state have visited this perfect building.

Crossing the James, one enters the section best known to those outside the state of Virginia, the historic grounds around Yorktown, Jamestown and Williamsburg, the city of Restoration. There is charm, beauty, history to hold one enthralled here for months and then leave much unseen. Too, on this side of the river is Westover which has always been known as the most beautiful place in America. It still is. The first William Byrd made a fortune trading with the Indians. In 1688, he bought the Westover Plantation and lived there the remainder of his life. The second William Byrd built the house in 1730, which was later burned and restored. William Byrd was known as the Black Swan, and the foundation of the city of Richmond was accredited to him. The view from this magnificent place is one of the most beautiful in Virginia. The gardens are very fine and filled with imported plants and trees as well as those native to Virginia. Under the roses in the garden lies one of Virginia's fairest and most noted women. Beautiful Evelyn Byrd, who is said to have died of broken heart when separated from her English lover, the Earl of Peterborough. For two centuries, Westover has been the gathering place of the social, intellectual, the aristocratic of the nation. In pre-Revolutionary days, courtly cavaliers gathered

Continued on page 44

The Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival

By W. W. GLASS

NO one vital, fundamental principle—Community Cooperation—may be attributed the phenominal success of Winchester's annual Spring festival of beauty, pageantry and ritualistic ceremony.

Inaugurated in the Spring of 1924, this civic institution is now approaching its twelfth consecutive annual celebration, with every assurance that new heights of achievement will be attained when "blossom time" shall roll around in the vast stretches of commercial apple orchards of the Shenandoah Valley, Cumberland Valley, Potomac area, which embraces large portions of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

From its inception, "beauty" has been the watchword of all who have been charged with the responsibility of preparing and presenting this gorgeous display of pomp and circumstance.

The festival is accurately timed to take place just when the entire area is resplendent with the fresh and fragrant blossoms of its millions of fruit trees—myriads of blossoms presenting every shade of pink and green upon a background of dazzling white—extending from the beholder's feet to the farthest reaches of the horizon—an ever-shifting vista as one motors over hill and dale through this land of matchless scenic beauty and unsurpassed historical interest.

Winchester! A name to conjure with! Hither came Colonel James Wood, a native of Winchester, the ancient English capital dating from period of King Arthur and his knights of the round table, back almost to the beginning of the Christian era, and which as a Roman camp is believed even to antedate that era.

This entire territory has been originally designated as Spottsylvania County. Orange County was formed from Spottsylvania on January 21, 1734-5 (old style), and Frederick County, of which Winchester is the county seat, was formed in turn from Orange in 1738.

At a court held for Orange County on the date of its formation, James Wood, Gentleman, produced a commission from the president and masters of William and Mary College, dated November, 1734, to be surveyor for the new county. In the discharge of the duties of his office he made many surveys in what later became Frederick County, and at the first court for Frederick County, held on November 11, 1734, at "Glen Burnie" the home of Col. Wood, situated within the present corporate limits of Winchester, he was made clerk of the court of Frederick, a position which he held until his death in 1759.

On his twelve hundred acre tract of land, about a mile eastward from his residence, James Wood laid off a site for a town, consisting of 26 lots of half an acre each and two streets of the width of 33 feet. Under date of March 9, 1744, he delivered to the Justices of Frederick County, a bond for title to convey to them for the use of the county 22 of these lots, upon the condition that they or their assigns should, within two years from the date of the sale of the lots, build or cause to be built on each lot, a house of at least the dimensions of 20 by 16 feet. This town became the county seat and was at first called "Frederick Town". By an act of the General Assembly of 1752, the county seat was chartered as a town by the name of Winchester, and 54 additional lots were annexed, in 1758. James Wood added 106 acres to the town, and in the following year it was still further enlarged by Lord Fairfax when he added 173 lots.

"Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, and Proprietor of the Northern Neck" as he was styled in his deeds and other documents, had come to Virginia in 1748 to take personal charge of this five-million-acre empire, known as the "Northern Neck", which he had inherited from his forebears under a grant carved out of the colony of Virginia which had originated from Charles II, of England, when he was exiled in France.

Lord Fairfax chose a site about 11 miles southeast of Winchester for his manor house, and directed that ten thousand acres of land should be laid off there as the Manor of Greenway Court.

In 1748, George Washington, then 16 years of age, came with a surveying party and took part in the survey of this manor. He thereafter continued to be employed in the survey of Fairfax lands during the next five years, and the knowledge and experience he acquired in this service proved most useful to him in his later activities.

In 1753, George Washington started from Winchester with the message of Governor Dinwiddie to the French commander on the Alleghany, protesting the occupation by the French of territory claimed by Virginia.

In the campaigns which resulted from the refusal of the French to accede to this request, Major Washington enlisted two companies of soldiers, one at Alexandria and the other at Winchester.

The story of Fort Necessity, Great Meadows, Braddock's defeat, and the ultimate capture of Fort Duquesne is familiar history. Less familiar is the fact that while absent in the campaign against Fort Duquesne, Washington, who had been an unsuccessful candidate in 1756, was elected as a delegate to the Virginia House of Burgesses from Frederick County. Colonel James Wood adroitly managed his campaign and acted as his proxy at the election. Washington held this office for two terms. He owned land in Frederick County and a lot in Winchester, and thus being a freeholder was eligable to office.

Washington had served as aide-de-camp to General Braddock with distinguished gallantry, and he had been appointed to command the defense of the Virginia border. He established headquarters at Winchester, and there, in 1756, built Fort Loudoun as a defence against the French and Indians. The construction of this fort was authorized by a special act of the General Assembly procured at the behest of Washington.

As a part of the undertaking Washington sank a well to a depth of 103 feet through solid limestone. Portions of the fort are still visible, and the well is still in use.

The conflicts with the Indians developed a fine body of fighting men in the border settlements of the Colonies. From this source came the famous light infantry of the Continental Army known as "Morgan's Riflemen". Daniel Morgan was an experienced Indian fighter and had been commissioned a captain in the militia of Frederick County in 1771. The first troops from Virginia to join Washington's Army at Boston was a company of riflemen enlisted by Morgan. This company left Winchester July 14, 1775 and, after a remarkable march of some six hundred miles, arrived at their destination August 7. These men took part in the terrible winter expedition of 1775 against Quebec, and there Morgan was captured in the ill-fated attempt to take the city by storm. After his exchange Morgan was promoted to the rank of colonel, and was given command of a regiment of riflemen, many of whom were recruited by him in the Shenandoah Valley. This corps rendered distinguished service at Saratoga and on many other fields of action during the Revolutionary War. Morgan's brilliant record culminated in his victory over Tarleton at Cowpens. He became a brigadier general in the Continental service, and closed his military career with the rank of major general. After the war he served his district in Congress and died and was buried in Winchester in 1802.

This outline of important events of the colonial and revolutionary periods is submitted as showing the important part played by the Shenandoah Valley in general, and by the city of Winchester in particular, in the making of the Republic. This community may justly claim to be in large measure the alma mater of the father of his country.

Time would fail us to enlarge upon the importance of the part played by this community in the War Between the States.

The Shenandoah Valley was known as the granary of the Confederacy. It might also be designated as the race-course of the contending armies, for the records of the War Department show that Winchester changed hands upwards of seventy times during this war, several changes sometimes taking place in the course of a single day.

It will be recalled that General Philip Sheridan is reported to have said that he would so ravage the Shenandoah Valley that a crow essaying to cross it would have to carry his own rations. Our fathers knew only too well how nearly he made good his boast with his campaign of fire and sword.

The matchless military genius of "Stonewall" Jackson was nowhere more brilliantly displayed than in his valley campaigns.

Visitors to Winchester are shown Washington's Headquarters, Stonewall Jackson's Headquarters, and Sheridan's Headquarters. Within a radius of a few miles they may visit a number of battle fields and view the remains of many fortifications.

The indomitable courage of the residents of this section in confronting the hardships of the Reconstruction Period and rebuilding from the wrecks of war a land of peace and prosperity has not been surpassed in any period of the world's history.

It is to this land of scenic beauty and unsurpassed historical interest that visitors are especially invited on the occasion of the celebration of the Apple Blossom Festival.

The program of the Festival is both an evolution and a development. It is characterized by certain outstanding features that have proved to meet with the enthusiastic approval of the great multitudes who have honored us with their presence on past occasions. A significant fact is that increasing numbers from afar make the Festival a standing order and return year after year to participate in the festivities of the occasion.

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And the Mountains Sing With Joy

White Top Musical Festival

HIGH up in the Appalachian range 6,000 feet above the level of the sea stands old White Top, the corner stone of three states, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. Here the morning mist gleams white in the sunshine and the early snow fall of this section flings its blanket first over the peak. But in the summer time, the vast stretch of nearly 500 acres of level grass land, which crowns the top of the mountain, is carpeted with gorgeously colored wild flowers that fill the air with fragrance. Bordering this space and far below, is a growth of beautiful ornamental evergreens resembling the Norway Spruce and known by the name of "Lashhorn". The trees with a spread of twenty to thirty feet are flat on top and the interlocking limbs form a platform beneath which no growth is found.

Mrs. John P. Buchanan and Lamar Stringfield

Indians knew White Top and held it sacred as The Happy Hunting Ground of their tribe. It was too perfect to be lived upon, but was dedicated to their God, the Great Spirit and to the lesser spirits. It was in peace the tribes from the Six Nations of New York and Pennsylvania, the Shawnees and Delewares from Ohio River, the Creeks of Northern Georgia and the Cherokees of Tennessee and Western North Carolina met here for their common hunting ground where thousands of elk and buffalo roamed amidst the virgin forest to fatten on the rich grass and enjoy the cool water from clear streams fed by mountain springs.

Legends, myths, ghosts, folk lore and folk songs of the mountains have their origin and linger here, handed down generation after generation by word of mouth from the Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

It is said that the name is derived from the legend that the bridal veil of an Indian Goddess was spread upon the mountain peak, but her lover being killed in battle she threw herself upon the ground in an agony of spirit and where her tears fell all the trees and shrubs were killed, her hair turned white from grief and in memory of her sorrow the Great Spirit send the snows here first each season to form a permanent bridal veil. So the natives call it "White Top".

The beauties of the White Top mountain region are indescribable. From Sunset Rock near the summit one may see range after range rolling away in the distance like bands of azure ribbon. The Blue Ridge partly hidden by clouds; the North Carolina peaks, the Black and Grandfather, the Great Smokies, the Roan, and to the north, the Clinch, Walker's and Iron mountain, with the Cumberlands dividing Virginia from the dark and bloody hunting grounds of Kentucky. There are the peaks of Bear Town and Burk's Garden Mountains, and to the east the lofty ranges between Virginia and North Carolina. Glimpsed through the eternal mists which hang over White Top one may see miles away the Holston River winding its way through Tennessee and the toy towns along its banks, and now and then a white thread of highway.

Within this section, compassed in a radius of one hundred miles, is the region usually known as the "Heart of the Appalachians." It is peopled by the direct and unestranged descendants of the original Scotch, English and Irish settlers who came into the mountain vastness prior to or following the Revolutionary War. Here has been retained much of the original in manners, customs, religion, language, music and lore of the "old country."

Four summers ago, in 1931, there was inaugurated in this beautiful spot one of the most unique events in the history of the mountain section. John A. Blakemore of Abingdon, Manager of the White Top Association, Inc. together with Mrs. Preston Buchanan, noted musician and composer, of Mar-

SUMMIT OF WHITE TOP MOUNTAIN

on, Virginia, as coorganizer, conceived the novel idea of holding a Folk Festival on the top of the mountain. The dates were set for August and the plan for the program was broadcasted. Prizes were offered for the best violinist, banjo player, stringed orchestra, clog dancer, and the "whoppinist yarn" etc. The Festival was to last for two days. When the time arrived for the first event, hundreds of mountaineers from Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and even Pennsylvania arrived to play for the "lady" as most of the mountain people call Mrs. Buchanan. It was a riotous program of ballads, spirituals, and native folk songs, string bands banjo and fiddin' interspersed with clog dancing and square dancing which all mountain people, who are not too religious, enjoy with the utmost zest.

The second year found some five thousand people congregated on the mountain to either enjoy or participate in the program. A number of eminent musicians attended as well as many representatives of Folk Lore and American Folk Dancing Societies.

In 1933, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the Press Association were among the guests and the crowd had doubled. Visitors from over half the states in the Union were present and many new events were added to the program. Today it is one of the most unusual and outstanding festivals in the nation.

Into lives devoid of interest or event, segregated in the primitiveness of life within the narrow confines of the mountain coves and forest vastness. Mrs. Buchanan has brought a great joy. The simple mountain music of their fathers and mothers which was dear to their hearts and sung by them in the solitude of their cabin home, is now world famous. Life with wonderful vistas and visions has been unfolded before them. They have suddenly been thrust from the utter seclusion of their native haunts into the open, and are playing host to hundred of enthusiastic and admiring throngs of visitors. Radio Companies have demanded them, the White House has welcomed them, Picture Companies and Associated Press interview them. They did not go forth to conquer the world, the world has come to them The great mountain is a theatre where the mountain folk lift up their voices and from each re-

A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY

vine and recess of the majestic peaks a song of joy is raised to the heavens above.

When the August moon is full and the days are filled with summer sunshine, and the drone of the bee is heard in the summer flowers, thousands will treck their way again to the glorious White Top and the mountain will be filled again with music, of those days of long ago.

ROAD TO WHITE TOP MOUNTAIN

On the Trail of Virginia Folk-Lore

By ALFREDA M. PEEL

"Fabulous as a song
Sung to a beechwood fiddle and all the old
Barely recorded chants that are the land
And no one poet or musician's
—Old Dan Tucker, The Belle of Albany,
The girl who died for love in the high woods
And cruel Barbara Allen in her pride."

SO sings Stephen Vincent Benet writing of the folk-songs in our Southern highlands, the quest for which in our own state began in the early days of this century.

This quest led over many a strange trail to the mountain valleys where live our last pioneers, or perhaps along a sandy road by the slow-moving eastern river to a tidewater plantation, where the traditions of Colonial Virginia are preserved. Many a collector has followed this quest with varied success, but with rich experience. The result has been an immense and notable collection of songs. Every county in Virginia has contributed to this collection and all classes of people are represented. Already over 2000 folk songs and variants are in the archives of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society.

As to the history of this society, let me quote from the "University of Virginia News Letter" of March 1, 1935:—"The Virginia Folk-Lore Society was founded in 1913, and under the brilliant leadership of Alphonso Smith brought together the largest collection of "Child" ballads, the most sought-after "genuine antiques" of folk-song, known in America. In 1924 the material was turned over to the present Archivist for editing, and in 1929 the Harvard University Press published a large volume of 'Traditional Ballads of Virginia'. This volume has been widely and favorably reviewed as 'of outstanding importance' in its field.

"This volume, however, and the Virginia collection up to that point, left untouched great stretches of folk-song. Indeed, they dealt with only one type of folk-song: the type recognized by Professor F. J. Child in his edition of 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads.' This, admittedly the scarcest and finest type of folk-song was by no means the only interesting type of folk-song available in Virginia. In 1929, therefore, at the instigation of the present Archivist, the Society inaugurated its quest for all the miscellaneous folk-song wealth of the State." Many new collectors were added to the old list, and of late years the collection has grown by leaps and bounds to its present size.

It has been extremely difficult in many cases to get correct versions of the folk tunes, owing to the inability of many collectors to record the music. This difficulty is being overcome by the interest of noted musicians of the state who are taking an interest in the correct recording and writing of complex folk tunes. Already a large collection of phonographic records have been added to the collection by Dr. A. K. Davis, Jr. the Archivist, who has made them directly from folk singers of the state.

Other activities have sprung up with increased interest in folk-lore. The square dance and the reel have been revived in some rural districts. Yearly folk festivals are being held at different points in the state while smaller "fiddler's conventions" are popular in many counties.

A collector of folk lore and song must love his work; he should have unlimited patience and tact, a taste for romance, and a vision of the picturesque.

In what deep hollows of the hills, white with dogwood blossom, by what streams, brown with fallen leaves in a winter forest, or on a ridge where the slanting sun sets fire to autumn foliage may not be found a home that holds some "wandering witch notes" of ancient song to capture and preserve for posterity?

Today our trail leads us deep in the hills to a little house hidden among apple trees. The old man who lives here alone has written down the songs he has heard for nearly forty years.

"I ain't got no woman, no radio, nor no phonograph to bother me, that's how I come to remember so well", he says, as, hitching his split-bottomed chair against the wall, he tips back and begins to softly pick the homemade banjo.

"Little do you know the grief and the woe
That troubles my poor heart."

Something in the sorrow of the song makes us suspect that he has known "old unhappy far-off things". But he is deeply interested in the folk-song quest and before we leave his house he has contributed to the collection over a score of songs.

The search leads to an entirely different scene. In a Colonial room a lady takes letters from an old box. On one is written a ballad. "July 1862," reads the faded script of the heading. "This ballad

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The Story of The Penland Weavers

By BONNIE WILLIS FORD

(This article is taken from a Pamphlet—The Story of The Penland Weavers by Bonnie Willis Ford and is affectionately Dedicated to Rufus Morgan, Lucy Morgan and Her Mother.)

EVER since the time when, as a mere boy, Rufus Morgan asked his father and mother if he might have the money which they intended to spend for him on Christmas in order that he might buy food for a needy family he had found in his community, there has been in his life the one long, increasing purpose of serving humanity. He was so possessed with the idea that even at the age when most boys are thinking only of themselves, he was willing to forego the pleasures which he himself might derive from Christmas presents in order that he might carry the elements of life to the needy. So, disguising himself in order that he might not be recognized, and using his own Christmas money, he made his first errand of mercy at a very tender age. Being born and reared in the mountains, his field of service naturally lay there where, from his point of view, the need was the greatest. We find him, even before his high School days were over picking up the threads of his hopes and aspirations and weaving them into a concrete pattern of founding a mountain school. Woven closely into this dream pattern were hopes of training the hands of the young mountain boys and girls as well as the minds and the imagination. It was in this aspect of the work that he had always reserved a place for his sister, Miss Lucy Morgan. One day a ramshakle old wagon stopped at their old home near Murphy, North Carolina, and a blind woman came in out of the rain. When she had gone, Rufus Morgan said to his sister: "That is the kind of people we are going to help in our school." He had found out very early that in order to train people mentally and spiritually, they must first be trained physically. To seek out the unfit and make them fit, to train the mind, body, hand and heart—to do this for people who by nature of their environment and inheritance were under-privileged—such was the ruling passion in the life of the founder of The Appalachian School.

Years of study went by in which we find him pursuing this passion—following the star—never deviating from the course he had mapped out for himself as a boy. Following his graduation from the University of North Carolina, he entered General Theological Seminary in New York City and at the same time took courses toward a Masters degree from Columbia University. During his vacations from this strenuous life in a great city, he spent his time tramping through the mountains, his bundle of clothing and personal effects swung from his shoulder by a stick, seeking, like a young Diogenes, for a suitable place in which to start his school. The criteria by which he was to judge the place were a spot far removed from the traffic of modern civilization, a place where people of such caliber lived as would profit by the advantages which his school would give them and a place in which the general need was great. In 1912 (his Junior year in the Seminary) his Bishop, The Rt. Reverend Junius M. Horner was in New York and went to see him to talk over plans for his future. Knowing something of what he wanted to do, the Bishop made three propositions to him either of which would be open for acceptance after his graduation. The first was a position in Valle Crucis school, an old Episcopal school for girls, the second was a Patterson School near Ledgerwood, and the third was an opportunity to start a new school under the auspices of the Church at Penland, North Carolina. The latter was of course the one which appealed to Mr. Morgan and in the summer of 1912 he and the Bishop made a trip to Penland to look over the field.

Sometime before talking to Mr. Morgan, Bishop Horner had been to Penland to look over a tract of land and school site which had been acquired by Mr. Wesley Conley and had been operated for a time by him as The Seven Springs Baptist Industrial School—a school principally devoted to the teaching of the three R's. After a short time, however, Mr. Conley wished to discontinue the school, and it was at his invitation that Bishop Horner came to Penland with the possibility in mind of purchasing the property as a further adventure in the parochial school program which throughout the long period of his episcopate was very dear to his heart. The Bishop was favorably impressed with the location, but suspended the purchase until he had talked with Mr. Morgan and the two of them had looked over the place together. Mr Morgan found that Penland stood the test of his criteria, and expressed to the Bishop his willingness to assume leadership of the undertaking. The property was accordingly soon purchased, and in the summer of 1913, Mr. Morgan spent his vaca-

tion time from the Seminary at Penland preparing the way for the work which was to follow. With the exception of having an orchard planted, Bishop Horner did little toward formulating the policies of the school. Always thereafter assuming the role of an interested onlooker, he left Mr. Morgan to work out his own plans in his own way. In the brief period of time during the summer of 1913, Mr. Morgan made amazing headway with his plans. He not only found time to formulate methods of procedure, but before the end of the summer, he had visited every home in the neighborhood, and had won the confidence and friendship of the people, a thing he considered to be a most important adjunct.

In these homes, he found rare old coverlets, blankets, linsey-woolsey, and jeans made from start to finish by hand. In the smoke-houses of almost every one of these homes, there would be found the decaying remains of massive hand hewn looms and spinning wheels which, with the advent of 'store-bought" materials, had been discarded. There was one home, however, which was outstanding in that there was still heard within the gentle hum of the spinning wheel and the dull continuous beat of the loom. This was the home of Aunt Susan Phillips, a woman then approaching the nineties who was still weaving on her loom blankets and wearing apparel of linsey-woolsey and jeans. Here he found unusual numbers of beautifully woven pattern-coverlets which Aunt Susan proudly displayed, explaining sorrowfully all the while that her eyes had now become so poor that she could no longer weave them. Her daughters, though smart enough, were not carrying on the tradition.

It was from this experience and through learning of Aunt Cumi Woody, who to the end of her life in 1931, carried on in her home in Deyton Bend, in an unbroken line, the beautiful old arts of her mothers, that Mr. Morgan became interested in including in his hand work program instruction in weaving—partly in order to revive for future generations this expression of the past, and partly because hand weaving fitted appropriately into his scheme of things in the training of the heart, hand and imagination. There was a glitter of a hope in his mind that perhaps someday through this revival there would still be heard in almost every home, just as there was in the past, the pleasant sounds of the loom. On one of his walking trips to Valle Crucis, a sister school forty-three miles away, Mr. Morgan found in that community a comparatively young woman who was still weaving the patterns and designs of her ancestors, but who also was adapting them to a present day usefulness. In addition to the coverlets and blankets, jeans and linsey-woolsey she was making bags runners and rugs that would enhance the appearance of the most moder home. All of these things appealed tremendousl to Mr. Morgan, and it was thus that during his ver first summer at Penland he wrote to his sister wh was then a student in a Teacher's College in Mic igan and told her that he had found the niche i to which she would fit. He described in detail h visits to the home of Aunt Susan and his experienc at Valle Crucis, and added that a woman there, Mrs. Finlay Mast, had promised to teach her t weave. He then outlined for his sister the hop that had been aroused by these things and planne with her toward the day when she would come an learn weaving from Mrs. Mast with a view of lat teaching it at Penland. Thus, were sown the fir seeds of a weaving industry which unfortunatel were not destined to take root until many yea later.

In 1914, after his graduation from the Seminar Rufus Morgan brought his bride with him to esta lish a permanent residence at Penland. At the tin of the transfer of the property from Mr. Conley Bishop Horner, there were only two buildings o the grounds with the exception of Mr. Conley own home, Laurel Cottage, which was not transfe red until later. One of these was the classroo building which, in addition to living quarters, co sisted of two pleasant school rooms which Mr. Co ley had added to his brother's residence. The oth was a tiny, crude log cabin which had been co verted out of an old barn. It was to this home th Rufus Morgan brought his Boston bride in the su mer of 1914. Ridgeway Hall, a long, ramblin building which was originally designed to be work shop for boys, but which had to be used ten porarily for dormitory, classrooms, and chapel wa erected the first year. Soon afterward, Laurel Co tage was added and funds were being raised for Rectory which after its completion several yea later was named "Morgan Hall" by a friend. Th land for this building—an attractive rustic hou with a huge fireplace and great oak beams—w given by Col. Isaac Bailey, a veteran of The W Between the States, and a grand old gentleman the South. Col. Bailey commanded the 59th co pany at the Battle of Chickamauga, and to the en of his life was an ardent Confederate, yet symp thetic toward the "Yankees" who drifted into t school as workers. Col. Bailey lived to see h grandchildren attend the school which he had l friended, and in all matters concerning the scho he was an interested observer.

Slowly, gradually, Mr. Morgan began realizin his plans—erecting buildings, making roads, e tablishing water systems, planting crops, admin tering to the physical needs of the people, moldi character, giving of his best to the communit

Slowly, too, and always very tactfully, he began to get a hold on the spiritual life of the people.

Every month, neighborhood meetings are held in the large social room in Ridgeway Hall. These meetings are free to all, and there is a program consisting of music, entertainment features, and an educational number in the shape of a lecture, usually illustrated by colored pictures thrown on a screen.

Included also in the personnel of the school was always a nurse who filled a need that otherwise would not have been filled due to lack of county nurses and to the scarcity of trained physicians. Other devoted workers whose names there is not space to mention, but whose work is still felt, joined Mr. Morgan's staff and made his work their own.

It will be forever Penland's loss that just at the time when his work was beginning to yield fruitful results, unusual circumstances forced Mr. Morgan to give up the school for which he had spent his lifetime in planning and preparation, but it was fortunate that he could leave the post at Penland in good hands, and in leaving the work, he by no means gave up his love for the mountains nor for the mountain people. Every opportunity still finds him visiting among them—sharing their lives; feasting his soul on their eternal hills.

During the last summer of his stay at Penland, Mr. Morgan, wishing to interest Miss Amy Burt, an old friend of his and a close friend of his sister's in the work, wrote and asked her to visit the school. She accepted the invitation, and was so much interested in the spirit of the place and the nature of the work that when Mr. Morgan's resignation came she was immediately selected by Bishop Horner as his successor. When the time came that she could give up her work and move to Penland permanently, the welfare of The Appalachian School became her one great purpose in life and although marked changes in policies have followed the original plan, Miss Burt worked devotedly, selflessly, toward that purpose until her retirement in 1929.

In the summer of 1920, just two years after her brother had gone, Miss Lucy Morgan came to Penland at the invitation of Miss Burt where, in a way she then little dreamed of, she was to fulfill the early plans of her brother and herself. She first came to the school in the capacity of principal and primary teacher and, in the absence of Miss Burt, was placed in full charge of the school. In January, 1923, during her vacation period, she went to Berea College in Kentucky to learn hand weaving. The seeds sown in 1913, ten years earlier, were beginning to take root. With the formal instruction received at Berea, supplemented by much help from independent Berea weavers, she was able at the end of nine weeks to come back to Penland and begin the work which in these eleven years has been of such vital influence in the neighborhood.

The weaving was at first planned for with the possibility in mind of teaching it to the older girls as a regular school subject, but in the vicinity of Berea Miss Morgan found many of the older women helping to earn part of the family expenses by weaving, and it occured to her then that this might also be done in the Penland community. One day shortly after her return from Berea, she invited the women of the neighborhood to Morgan Hall for an all-day rug-making. Here, they saw her weaving on, what to them, was a very "new-fangled" type of loom, their only experience having been with the heavy, old-fashioned, hand-hewn looms which their mothers and grandmothers had used. The women were very much interested, examining every detail, marvelling at the intricacies of the pattern—then little dreaming that one day they themselves would be weaving even more difficult designs. After they had gone, Miss Burt suggested to Miss Morgan that she let one of the women take a loom and weave on it during her spare time at home. Thus the channel through which the weaving would operate was turned into the community rather than into the school. Bishop Horner was at first a little doubtful about the wisdom of allowing the women to do what seemed to him to be such strenuous work. He agreed to the plan only after Miss Morgan, at his suggestion, had herself woven continuously for an eight-hour day with no bad effects.

At the very beginning of the community project, a twofold purpose was established which was, namely—to perpetuate the native arts and crafts, and through them to provide for the people of the community a more adequate means of livelihood. Throughout all of the ensuing years, although the weaving has grown to large proportions, there has never been any other objective.

It was hard sledding from the first. There was little money and, although there was enough general interest in the work, each individual woman had to be shown its advantages before undertaking it in her own household. The roads were bad, and the homes far apart, but Miss Morgan was courageous and utterly believed in the ultimate success of her undertaking. She believed so implicity in it that the first investment was made from her own personal funds. Then, little by little, with the help of Miss Burt to whom much credit is due there came a day when she had in her possession four looms and enough materials to start that many women weaving. One eventful day in late October, 1923, the first loom was taken in a wagon to the home of Mrs. Henry Willis and the weaving teacher rode down the rough mountain road with it to give her

instructions. The loom had to be set up, and the threads warped, beamed, and threaded through the harness and sley before it was ready for weaving. Miss Morgan spent three days with her pupil and then went leaving her to finish the warp of "Log Cabin" rugs. The days that followed brought much happiness to Mrs. Willis, taking her back in memory many times to her young girlhood when her own mother had woven the necessary articles of clothing and house-furnishings for a large family, causing her to look hopefully into the future when perhaps the fruits of her loom might enable her to do the things for her children that she had always dreamed of doing. When the rugs were all finished at last, Mr. Willis loaded them on the back of his mule and carried them to Miss Morgan. He was given in return a check for $23.00 and another warp. Mrs. Willis has since laughingly said that all of the neighbors knew how much the check was before it reached her hands. Whether that be true or not, the news circulated and Miss Morgan was besieged with applicants. She took just as many as funds would permit, but everything had to be done gradually and she was forced to turn many away. There was little money with which to expand and no assured market for finished products, but by the use of wisdom and foresight, she was able to engage nearly a dozen women the first year. As has been pointed out, these women lived far apart and some of the homes were many miles from the school where Miss Morgan lived. There was no way to reach them except by foot, and all through that first year, Lucy Morgan walked many a weary mile, up hill and down, to the homes of her weavers where she spent the days in teaching them to warp, beam, "thread-up", and finally weave the designs. This was an entirely new experience for these women for, although they remembered the days when their mothers and grandmothers had woven, they themselves knew none of the processes. They soon, however, began to show a native aptitude for the work and the days, though strenuous they seem in retrospect, went by happily and smoothly.

By the beginning of the second year of the weaving, state and county officials had awakened to the need of better country roads, and soon thereafter the work was considerably lightened by auto travel. The first car was of a popular model with truck bed on the back which served in good stead for the hauling of the looms, materials and other equipment from home to home. This was a gift from Bishop Horner which had been promised as soon as the roads were good enough to travel by auto from Morgan Hall to Spruce Pine. The little truck and its driver soon became a familiar figures over a much wider territory than had hitherto been served—as they traveled up and dow in and out— sometimes venturing on roads whic had up to this time known only the print of th wagon wheel.

At this time, the weaving had no official head quarters, but as more and more finished product came in, a room was given over to its use in Mor gan Hall. That, however, was adequate for onl a short time and then the weaving was establishe in the historic log cabin over on the other side o the ridge—the home to which Rufus Morgan ha years earlier brought his bride.

The problem was now no longer one of securin workers but of furnishing work to all who applie for it, and the problem of producing saleable ar ticles had largely been solved. The great tas ahead lay in finding a market for the arti les i order that it might be possible to furnish work fo more women who were now looking forward to i so eagerly as a means of establishing themselves o a basis which more nearly approached economi independence. Many and diverse methods wer used to foster sales. First of all, the aid of devote friends was solicited. Many beautiful pieces o weaving were sent to friends of Miss Burt and Mis Morgan, who in turn showed them to others, unti presently a large number of people had become in terested in this way. Exhibits were held at count and state fairs, advertisements were carried i various papers, periodicals, speaking tours wer arranged and sales trips planned. Once the littl truck was taken to Waynesville, a nearby summe resort, and goods sold from the porch of a hote Little by little, gift shops and other organizatio were added on the same basis, until finally the ma ket began to be developed. In the autumn of 192 when the weaving was in its second year, a goo friend secured the use of a booth at the State Fa in Raleigh. Throngs went by to see the exhibit, t watch Miss Morgan as she sat weaving in the boot —some deeply interested; others idly curious. On day there chanced to stop by a man who was mo than usually interested, a man who asked que tions and inspected and approved each separate a ticle. It was he who suggested that the State D partment of Vocational Education was intereste in promoting such work, and that the director this department might be willing to give some f nancial aid to the work at Penland. He gave Mi Morgan the name of a person whom he knew be connected with the department, and upon h return to Penland, she wrote to him, explaining t nature of the work suggesting that anything t state might be able to do to assist her would greatly appreciated. The letter was turned over the Director of the Vocational Training Divisio Mr. George W. Coggin, who immediately sent

reply to Miss Morgan saying that it was just such work as hers that his department was interested in fostering. The happy news came almost providentially, just at a time when it had become very difficult to carry on alone. The following January, Mr. Coggin came to Penland, looked over the work, approved it, and offered the services of his department to the extent of providing for Miss Morgan a salary as a Vocational Education Teacher under the provisions of the North Carolina State plan and the Smith-Hughes Act. For the entire first year, Miss Morgan had worked with no salary and had in fact drawn heavily from her own savings in order to keep the work going. Imagine then what a relief it was to have this assistance from the state coming just at a time when her savings had practically all been used up and no money seemed to be forthcoming for the continuation of the work. From that day, the way was made easier, and throughout all the years, the assistance and friendly interest of Mr. Coggin has been a vital factor in the life and growth of the enterprise. Though the affiliation with the Federal Board of Vocation, which disburses the Smith-Hughes funds, Mrs. Anna Lalor Burdick, Federal Agent for Vocational Training for Women and Girls, became connected with the work at Penland. Mrs. Burdick has been a great asset; alwayas proving herself to be very wise counselor and a devoted friend.

With the enlistment of this aid from the state and federal departments, there had to be made arrangements for formal, organized instruction; consequently, there was inaugurated "Weaving Day," a day which has now become an institution in the weaving organization. This aid from the state then, which grew so unexpectedly out of a trip to Raleigh gave the weaving what in common vernacular may be termed as its first "break". The second one come in October of the following year at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church convening in New Orleans. The amazing sum of $1,400 worth of goods was sold at this Convention, and the weaving was launched on a self-supporting basis.

In her course of study at Berea, Miss Morgan had come in contact with a book on hand weaving entitled "Foot Power Loom Weaving", written by Mr. Edward F. Worst. She was told by her instructor that this was the best book on hand weaving that had ever been written. She bought a copy and used it extensively in her work with the weavers at Penland. It was of such benefit to her that she, being a persistent searcher for more and more knowledge of this interesting subject, became very anxious to get in touch with its author. She wrote to Mr. Worst, but for some reason received no answer. The following spring she saw some of his many-harness weaves displayed at the Mountain Worker's Conference in Knoxville, Tennessee. This more than ever made her want to reach him and to find out from him how these difficult designs were accomplished. She told Mr. Allen Eaton of Russell Sage Foundation of this desire, Mr. Eaton having become interested in Penland sometime previously. Mr. Eaton told her that he had never met Mr. Worst, but that he knew him by reputation and through correspondence and that perhaps he could make a contact for her. He wrote to Mr. Worst telling him of Miss Morgan's work and of her desire to learn more advanced types of weaves in order that she might pass them on to her weavers. An immediate response to Mr. Eaton's letter came to Miss Morgan from Mr. Worst expressing an interest in her work and telling her that he would be glad to do anything he could to help her. Soon afterwards, she went to Chicago and, at his invitation, she had the privilege of studying for nine weeks under one of America's foremost teachers of hand weaving. He gave her lavishly of his time and knowledge, had a large many-harness loom set up in his studio for her to work on, and helped her to master a great variety of intricate weaves.

In order to present a complete account of the beginning and growth of the Weaving Institute, it has been necessary to digress from the chronological order of events, but now, going back to the summer of 1928, following shortly Mr. Worst's first visit to Penland, the pottery department was added at the suggestion of Mr. Worst, and with his help, to the crafts program of the community. In this new project, Mr. Worst was a constant friend and counselor—even going so far as to send his own potter, Mr. Fowler from his studio in Chicago to start the work. While the pottery has never been self-sustaining as has the weaving, it has been a source of much joy to many people in the community, and its products have greatly enhanced the displays and exhibits sent to various parts of the country. In the fall of 1928, Professor Frederick H. Koch, Founder and Director of The Carolina Playmakers of the University of North Carolina, made his first visit to Penland and, in honor of the acquisition of the pottery, christened the organization: "The Penland Weavers and Potters", the name which it now bears and which supplanted the old "Fireside Industries", applied formerly to the weaving department.

The effect of Mr. Worst's interest upon the weaving itself was almost immediate. Apt weavers quickly mastered the advanced weaves with the result that presently there was a line of entirely new products ready for the market. People everywhere liked them, bought them, and for a few years, the

organization flourished. In October 1928, $2,400 worth of goods was sold at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington in connection with the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, and the total sales for the following year amounted to $18,000. During this year, sixty-three women, representing homes within a radius of ten miles of the community weaving cabin, were paid a total of $10,000, one woman receiving something more than $500.00 for her year's work. What this meant to people who were accustomed to little "cash money", and who were continually fighting against straitened circumstances, only those who are acquainted with mountain conditions can fully realize. But what was just as important it meant that sixty-three women were weaving beauty into their lives and peace into their souls through this work with their hands.

In 1928 was red letter year in many respects, for it was in December of that year that the first plans for a handicraft guild were formulated. It was the privilege of the members of The Penland Weavers and Potters to be hosts to the representatives of eight southern mountain schools and crafts-producing centers who were also interested in forming a hand craft guild. Among this group of people who braved the icy road in mid-winter to mountain top were Mrs. John C. Campbell, Director of The John C. Campbell Folk School at Brasstown, North Carolina, Mr. Allen Eaton of the Russell Sage Foundation and President William J. Hutchins of Berea College. At this meeting, a list of all the mountain schools and community centers interested in crafts was prepared and it was found that there were about forty such places in various parts of southern mountain territory. The result of the meeting was a unanimous decision to recommend to The Southern Mountain Worker's Conference, held in Knoxville, Tennessee, each April, that steps be taken to incorporate as many of these centers as cared to become members into some kind of federation. The Conference to which this recommendation was duly presented instructed its secretary to make the necessary arrangements for formation of the guild. More than twenty handicraft centers were admitted to charter membership, and the organization was called, "The Southern Mountain Handicraft Guild".

Just at the beginning of 1930, a way came quite by accident to add pewter-making to the other crafts at Penland. Miss Morgan was in New York visiting a friend who had been taking a night course in metal work in a high school in Bronxville. She was very much interested in the pewter plates her friend was making and asked if she might be permitted to make one. Her friend obtained permission from the instructor, and in the short time she was able to spend, she picked up a good working knowledge of how to hammer pewter. The instructor was generous in having a set of molds made for her and in telling her where she could get raw materials. She went back to Penland ready to start an entirely new craft which later was to help boys of high school and college ages earn their way through school. The public was immediately taken with the pewter, and Miss Morgan, realizing that this demand might be short-lived, concentrated on pewter work very closely that first year. Time, however, has proven that the demand was not a passing fad, and the pewter sales have consistently constituted a large part of the income of the entire organization. In addition, it has been the means of helping several boys through school. One boy earned all of his expenses at the University of North Carolina by hammering pewter.

The years from 1928 through 1931 were busy and fruitful ones with the weaving, pottery and pewter work going at full swing. Effects from the depression were not felt until the beginning of 1932. In the autumn of 1931, another exhibit was taken to the General Convention convening in Denver with gratifying results, although the sales were less than those at the Convention in Washington three years before.

In January 1932, the depression swooped down upon The Penland Weavers and Potters like a thief in the night, and the work had to be immediately curtailed. It was a trying experience to have to stop the work of the women who depended so much upon it for the necessities of life, but the approaching crisis was met bravely by all concerned. In that same month, a signal honor came to Miss Morgan in her appointment to represent the Southern Mountain Handicraft Guild as a consulting delegate to the International Exhibition of Folk Arts to be held in Berne, Switzerland in 1935. This exhibition will be the first of its kind in the world and is designated as a means of not only bringing the folk arts of all nations of the world together in one exhibition, but as a means of promoting international good will and fostering world peace. The exhibition is sponsored by the International Congress of Folk Arts which in turn was sponsored by the League of Nations in 1927. It is interesting to know this organization is the first to be sponsored by The League of Nations, but it is even more interesting to us to know that the efforts of The Penland Weavers and Potters will gain international mention through the appointment of the organization's leader as a consulting delegate to the Exhibition.

The entire summer and fall of 1932 were taken up with plans for the exhibition at the World's Fair. Miss Morgan had been told by Fair author-

ies that such an exhibit arranged as it should be
a log cabin would cost in the neighborhood of
10,000, so she immediately set out to raise Pen-
nd's share of that amount which she generously
t at $500,00. The sales from the weaving, pottery
nd pewter had by this time dwindled to the ex-
nt that it was difficult to pay current expenses,
her only hope of raising the money was from vol-
ntary contributions. She appealed to her own peo-
e—the people of Spruce Pine, Penland and Bak-
sville—and her people did not fail her. In order
present her plans concerning the exhibit to these
ople and to help them to grasp the importance of
ch an exhibit, meetings, presided over by one of
e leading business men of Spruce Pine, were held
Morgan Hall. Merchants, farmers, school of-
ials, bank employees, miners and mining offi-
als were at these meetings and unanimous sup-
rt was pledged. Spruce Pine is a town of only
00 people, Bakersville is smaller, and Penland
asts only a post office, a railroad station, and a
ore, but from this sparsely-settled area, contribu-
ns to the amount of $500.00 was pledged. The
reater part of this amount represented pledges of
.00 each. Letters were at once written to the
embers of the Guild telling them that Penland's
rt of the $10,000 was assured and asking them for
pport in raising the amount allotted to each of
em. In every instance, save one, letters came back
ying they could raise no money. At the next
eeting of the Guild, it was voted to give up the ex-
bit. The continued discouraging results of the
pression, and the uncertainty of success of such
venture at the Fair had dampened the enthusiasm
all the other members, but not so with Lucy Mor-
n. She had appealed to her people and they had
agnificently responded, she had spent months of
reliminary investigation, her women were in need
work, the organization was in danger of collapse.
e would make one last supreme struggle to save
She would not disappoint her people—Penland
ould go to the Fair alone. She re-doubled her ef-
rts, and in early January she left for Chicago to
ake final arrangements for the exhibit. It was
ere that she almost met her Waterloo. Corre-
ondence over a long period of time with Social
ience division had led her to suppose that she
ould be allowed to exhibit in the Hall of Social
ience, but she found upon her arrival that in or-
r to sell as well as to exhibit, her request should
to the Department of Concessions. For six weeks
e worked in cooperation with Mr. Worst, with the
epartment of Concessions, explaining her purpose
udying rules and regulations, going through miles
red tape, until finally she was granted a small
ace of precious earth covered with stones and de-
id of any vegetation. In the meantime, every pos-
sible means of raising additional money was be-
ing employed by the people of Spruce Pine and Bak-
ersville. Benefit bridges were given, plays were
presented by the Penland Playmakers, a dramatic
organization working in connection with The Pen-
land Weavers and Potters and Professor Frederick H. Koch, Director of The Carolina Playmakers and Sponsor for The Penland Playmakers, came all the way from Chapel Hill to give a benefit performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

By the fifteenth of March, the contract was signed and plans were rapidly going forward for the building. Five hundred dollars was not much money with which to build an adequate display cabin, but in the summer of 1932 a small log cabin had been built on a truck and used as a travelling gift shop. This unique motorized cabin, called, "The Travelog", was taken intact from its native Carolina hills to form one section of the exhibition building in Chicago. Another section was built at Penland and taken to the Fair grounds to be assembled. Mr. Howard C. Ford was granted a leave of absence from Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College to assist with the erection of the cabin and other workmen went from Penland in the Travelog party. After two weeks of moving stones and smoothing the ground, the two tiny cabins were put together and the result was an ell-shaped log structure proudly holding its own among the skyscrapers and freaks of modern architecture.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hensley and Miss Mable Fauble, both former workers at The Appalachian School, were put in charge of the exhibition. These two woman did a remarkable piece of work in selling and advertising. Aided by volunteer workers from every Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Chicago, who had become interested through the suggestion of Miss Gertrude Anthony, they worked through the long hours of the days and nights toward one ideal—the success of the undertaking. Spinners and weavers brought to the cabin by Mr. Worst demonstrated these beautiful old arts before the eyes of many visitors. In special celebration of Carolina Cabin Week, Miss Morgan took to Chicago our own Doc Hoppes, local musicianeer and story-teller who in his own inimitable way delighted Carolina Cabin visitors with his banjo-picking and ballad-singing.

The supreme effort was a success. Thirty-one women were busy at their looms all through the summer, stacks of finished materials which for long had lain idle on the shelves were turned into cash. Penland was made known to many thousands of people, and through the exhibition of The Penland Weavers and Potters, North Carolina received its

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Johnson's Island

Prison for Confederate Officers

JOHNSON'S Island is situated in Sandusky Bay about three miles north of the city of Sandusky, Ohio. Its chief claim to public interest lies in the fact that during the War Between the States it was a Confederate Officers prison camp. There were about fifteen thousand officers confined on the Island during the four years, from 1861 to 1865, the highest number of prisoners at any one time being about four thousand. On the east end of the Island, in a beautiful wooded spot is the burial ground of nearly three hundred Southern Officers, and a few enlisted men who did not survive their term of imprisonment. The Robert Patton Chapter, Cincinnati, United Daughters of the Confederacy, saw to it for many years that the graves were kept in order. The responsibility is now assumed by Sandusky Daughters, and every year representatives of the Johnson Island Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, charter a boat and make a visit to the Island to decorate the graves. Some public speaker is usually invited, and the ceremony attracts several hundred visitors.

Many years ago the title to the land on which the cemetery was located was turned over to the United Daughters of the Confederacy by those who then owned the Island. Among the officers who are buried in the cemetery are twenty-eight Masons who were members of various Southern bodies. More than forty years ago, as the result of efforts of Georgia newspaper men, the wooden markers which had been erected by fellow prisoners were replaced by marble markers. Generous minded citizens of Sandusky also took an interest in the proper upkeep of the cemetery, foremost among whom was the late Mrs. John Mack, wife of the publisher of Sandusky's oldest newspaper. Through efforts of interested Sanduskians who desired that the spot should become a national shrine, the title to the property was passed to the government by the United Daughters of the Confederacy through official action of the national organization. The Robert Patton Chapter, Cincinnati, United Daughters of the Confederacy, erected a handsome marble monument, about twenty years ago, at the entrance to the cemetery. The grounds were inclosed by a substantial metal fence. A movement has been initiated recently toward inducing the United States Government to purchase the entire Island, which consists of only a few hundred acres, improve the property and convert it into an attractive national park.

Long before the War Between The States there was located on the Island a custom house where ships entered and cleared. In the early history of the county, settlers planned to build a city on the Island but the shores of the mainland attracted pioneers, and except for stone quarrying operations during the World War, and a brief occupancy by a resort company for public bathing and amusement purposes, the Island has continued inactive and isolated. Only a few farmers live on it.

The Island today retains much of its natural beauty. It delights the eye with its restful seclusion and quiet. Long years have spanned a chasm that seemed impassable. Bitter passions have been blotted out. What took place there nearly three quarters of a century ago is mere memory. And it is hard to realize, as one looks over the peaceful spot today, that it was once occupied by troops and that it was the scene of tragic events and incidents. One of these has to do with a most thrilling episode of the War Between the States, a dream little known and not often referred to in wartime history.

The incident referred to involved a well designed plan to capture the U. S. gunboat, "Michigan" stationed in Sandusky Bay, release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson Island, destroy the prison and with armed force thereby set free, sweep through the unprotected cities of Cleveland, Columbus and other interior places and spread terror and consternation throughout the North. The plan is said to have been conceived by a group of Confederate sympathizers who were living in Canada. Suspicion of the conspiracy reached the headquarters of the U. S. secret service and the investigation was assigned to John Wilson Murray. Full authority was given him, and the trail first led him to Windsor, Canada, and from here to Toronto. A man by the name of Vallendigham, known to be a southern sympathizer, was living in Windsor. Murray took up his abode near the quarters of Vallandigham, keeping close tract of his movements and forming his acquaintance. Among Vallandigham's visitors, who fell under Murray's suspicious was one Cole who made frequent trips between Windsor and Toronto. Murray learned that a group of southerners had taken up their residence

n Toronto and it soon became evident that Cole as well acquainted in this group. Cole appeared be the leader, On one of his visits to Windsor e met a lady who turned out to be "Irish Lize". om there the pair left for Albany.

At this point Murray was bent upon referring em to headquarters at once, but delayed. He had ry little evidence and hated to lose his man, so he cided to continue his investigations and await rther developments.

The pair travelled from city to city, talking to uthern sympathizers and getting groups here and ere to subscribe funds to the cause. They ar-ved in Sandusky in June, 1864. Cole posed as n oil prince, Irish Lize as his wife. Soon after their rival an assistant joined Cole. He was known G. C. Bear. One week to the day after Cole ar-ved at the West House, a young man registered John U. Wilson, of New Orleans. In the course a few days he met Cole casually as guests stay-g at a hotel for a long time are apt to do. They e drank together and seemed to become well ac-ainted. Too well, as Cole learned later.

Cole bought fast horses, chartered a yacht, made e acquaintance of the officers of U. S. S. Mich-an, then laying off Sandusky, and also of Colonel ill and the United States army officers in charge Johnson's Island. Murray had learned that Cole as none other than Major C. H. Cole, C. S. A. His ssignment was the capture of the man-o'-war Mich-an, and, under cover of her guns, to release the of-cers on the island and then proceed South.

Cole had spent several months in Sandusky be-re attempting the consummation of the plot. He ad pleasant apartments at the old West House, ave fine dinners, and it was not long before he ecame quite a general favorite with the officers of e Michigan. He was in such favor that he e succeeded in having two Confederates enrolled s seamen on board the Michigan, and ten men en-sted as Union soldiers and stationed for duty on e island. Associated with Cole was John Yates eall a Virginian, who had served under "Stone-all" Jackson in many of the campaigns through-t the "Old Dominion." Looking back, the plot release the prisoners on the island looks easy—d yet it was never consummated. In the month of eptember, 1864, the Michigan was laying off the land. On the morning of the 19th of September e steamer "Philo Parsons," plying between De-roit and Sandusky, left Detroit at the usual hour. n the way down the river the steamer stopped at Maiden, at which port a party of twenty or more oarded, bringing with them a trunk tied with opes. This Maiden party excited no comment, and e steamer continued on its way to Lake Erie and andusky. After leaving Middle Bass the party took possession of the steamer, armed themselves with revolvers and then turned back to Middle Bass. While here the "Island Queen," a steamer plying between Sandusky and the islands, came along, and, suspecting nothing, threw out a plank, in order to land freight. Instantly the Confederates swarmed up her sides calling upon the captain and members of the crew to surrender. Resistance was useless. The two steamers, locked together, started towards the entrance of Sandusky Bay. When four or five miles out, the "Island Queen" was scuttled and the "Parsons" went on alone. Chief in command of this party was John Yates Beall. There is something worthy of note in the story of this young Confederate officer—he was young wealthy, educated—throwing himself, as it were, into the jaws of death because of devotion to his native Southland.

There were two parts in the conspiracy to free the soldiers on Johnson's Island—the first being the expedition by water under Beall, the second the less elaborate but more delicate and difficult conspiracy on shore, under Cole, by means of which the officers on the "Michigan" were to be wined, dined and thrown off their guard so that at a prearranged signal, Beall could steam rapidly in and capture the boat in the absence of her officers. The key to the whole situation was the capture of the "Michigan". Beall performed his part with entire success, but Fate, in the person of John Murray, alias Wilson of New Orleans, intervened and the plot failed.

On the evening of the 19th of September, 1864, Cole had invited the officers of the "Michigan" to a gala supper party to be given at the Seven Mile House, a famous hostelry. John Wilson was Cole's chief assistant in arranging the affair. Everything had been prepared. The guests were to start from Sandusky in early afternoon. When they failed to show up at the appointed hour, Cole grew impatient. He and Wilson took a boat and went out to the "Michigan" to find out the cause of their guests' delay. At just about the time when Cole had planned to send the signal to Beall another signal from an unexpected quarter was given. It was an order by the Commander of the Michigan to place the man Cole under arrest. The signal to Beall was never given, and Beall, on board the Parsons, strained his eyes in vain in the direction of Johnson's Island. After cruising for hours about the mouth of Sandusky Bay, Beall finally urged his men to make the attack and dare all. But the men refused to enter the Bay, and Beall, disappointed and disheartened turned the boat about, and abandoned the attempt. "Parsons," was scuttled after reaching the Canadian shore. The men disbanded,

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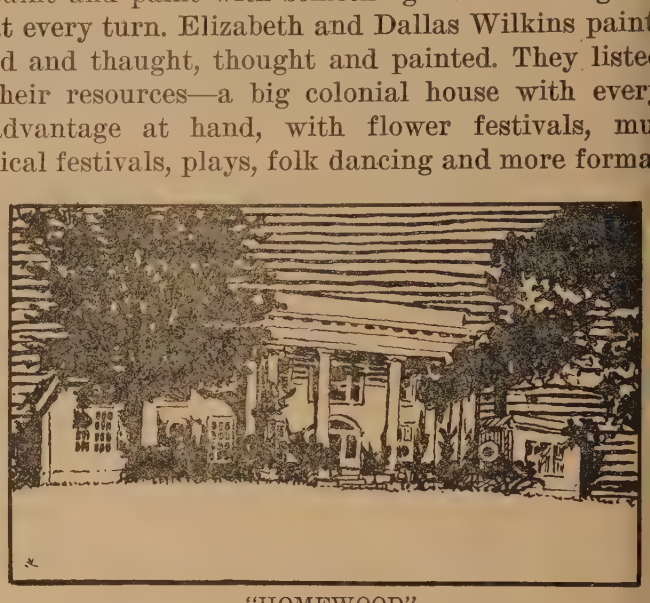
Old Art In New Fields

IF you can't bring the mountain to Mohomet, you can at least bring Mohomet to the mountain, so two young artists found when they stepped forth from the Philadelphia Art schools into a realm, not of artistic endeavor, but cold reality of a country suffering from the throes of depression and no one interested in art or artists. With diplomas under their arms, they traveled back to the mountain section and began to think just what could be done. Illustrate? Thousands of artists trying to hold a job at this. Advertising? That rather lucrative business had been cut to the bone. Portrait painting had gone begging as had ever other line in the field of art. However, youth is not long suffering and it was early summer. The woods and highways were aflame with azalea, rhododendron and laurel. The moutain peaks, blue grey, against a summer sky formed a back ground which made an artists fingers tingle for the feel of the brush in hand again. Thousands of studies every where. Sun-rise, sun-set. The plowman in the field with his slow moving team, an old man raking hay, the berry picker with bare brown feet, the man with a hoe, knee deep in corn.

Landseer, Paul Potter, Friedrich Preller, Rubens, Raphael could find here a subject worthy of his art, a great outdoor gallery where one coul paint and paint with something new and origina at every turn. Elizabeth and Dallas Wilkins paint ed and thaught, thought and painted. They liste their resources—a big colonial house with ever advantage at hand, with flower festivals, mu sical festivals, plays, folk dancing and more forma



"HOMEWOOD"

entertainment as golf and riding, for amusement Why not bring the city artists to the country an let them have the time of their lives while the worked.? The idea became action and small ci

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Another "First" for Virginia

ACTORS, as well as writers, poets and musicians are born, has been proved by Robert Porterfield of New York and Glade Springs, inaugurator of the first Barter Theatre in America.

When Robert was a small boy on his father's farm near Chilhowie, he availed himself of his mother absence at party or club to array himself in finery pilfered for the occasion, from garden hats to high heel slippers; on an improvised stage with settings of his own imagination, he trailed through juvenile plays. When High school and college days loomed before him, they were filled with play for Robert could not help acting a part as he worked. New York called him and he entered the field of dramatic art, later touring the country during the season of depression in Walter Hampden's 'Cyrano de Bergerac'. During this period he realized that many actors, artists, writers were facing a crisis and his mind turned to the scene of his childhood on the farm where the workmen carried home his weekly pay from the commissary an handled little cash. Why could not a Barter The tre be made to pay? You bring me a chicken a ham and I will put you on a good show. Th actors could be kept employed and fed at the sam time, and enjoy a summer vacation away from cit heat and dull season. Few offered encouragemen and many thought the idea a "fizzle" but that di not worry Robert Porterfield. He had his own pla pretty well laid out and felt sure he could put across.

In a pretty town not far away from his hon were several vacant college buildings which ha been idle for some time and this commodious pla would furnish ideal living quarters for a lar group of actors during the summer and amp space for an open air theatre on the spacious law So Robert came home to investigate the situatio It was new to the town, new to the state and ne

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Rhododendron Festival

Annual Event at Asheville, North Carolina

YOU have been to Ashville? No? Then you will go, as every one does, at least once in a life time. When you do visit this Land of the Sky, select the months from May until July for the trip. Then the winding highways will lead you through miles and miles of the greatest flower garden in the world. If it is May, then the mountain sides are white with the snow of the dog-wood blossoms which drift in profusion of lacey tapistry flung over a background of delicate green shrubbery shot with sunlight which glints the leafage with brilliant gold. Age old cliffs adorn themselves with garbs of spring time beauty and deep ravines are banked with the blossoms of dazzling lovliness.

Possibly you prefer a later date and visit Ashville when all the azaleas of the world have suddlenly decided upon a mountain vacation and you wind around and around, up and up, hour after hour over a magnificent scenic highway through this gigantic and spectacular garden of bloom. It spreads at your feet, a red and orange blanket. It swings aloft in yellow and gold festoons. It banks the road-sides in clusters of pink and rose. The soft petals drop upon you, the air is filled with its fragrance. Each turn in the road, each misty view, high above and down below, it is white, it is purple, it is scarlet, it is a dazzling rainbow of color, a brilliant spectacle which will live in your memory, always.

June brings with it the colorful rhododendron in varying shades of pink and purple and snow white masses of blossoms against a background of vivid dark green leaf of this magnificent shrub, which covers the great craggy mountain side from base to summit with a garb of such spectacular beauty and such lavishness of bloom profusion and perfection that it is difficult to visualize so prodigal a display of nature's gigantic and matchless exhibition.

It is when the rhododendron and laurel are in the midst of their season, that one of the most unusual floral fetes is held in the city of Ashville. Thousands of visitors from every point in the United States, Canada and foreign countries attend this event.

The festival covers a four day period for the principal activities with preliminary events set this year for June 12th.

Plans for the fete of 1935 are already being made. Under the leadership of King Grove Seely, the seventh of the floral kings, to receive his crown. The newly organized Rhododendron Brigade of Guards, is preparing plans for a series of events which will culminate in a major spectacle the Military Ball.

The brilliant floral parade of floats will mark the official opening of the Festival on the morning of June 13. This will be followed on the evening of the same day with the Rhododendron Pageant and Royal Coronation in which the new king and queen of this year's fete will ascend the flower throne.

The Royal Rhododendron Brigade of Guards, clad in their brilliant uniforms of the traditional Guards design, will form the background for the gorgeous court. To these, to lend enchantment, will come the State Sponsors as Maids to this extravagant scene.

Ten beautiful girls, living in as many southern states have received appointments, naming them as sponsors for their respective states, to appear at the royal Rhododendron Court as floral ambassadors, during the eighth annual Rhododendron Festival, June 12 to 15.

Chosen each year, from among girl students attending leading universities and colleges of the south, the ten girls selected will play a prominent role in all of the major events of the fete. The sponsors are selected for their beauty and charm as suitable representatives of the state for which they are the ambassadors.

The invitation to take part in the Asheville Festival, as state sponsor, has become an honor much sought after among girl students at colleges and universities of the south. The girls take part in the huge parade of floral floats, the Rhododendron Ball, the Sponsors Ball and will be lavishly entertained at other events including the Rhododendron Pageant and Coronation.

At the Rhododendron Ball they will be presented to the Rhododenron King and Queen, costumed to represent the state flowers of the states for which they are the official ambassadors. Luncheons, teas and other social affairs will be held in their honor. From the time of their arrival in Asheville on June 12, to the spectacular ending of the fete in the revel of the King of Jest on June 15, their

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American Craft---With A Pedigree

"Once more with-in the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.
Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
They stood along the floor and by the wall."

WHEN Juliana Royster Busbee of N. Y., purchased a few pieces of rare old pottery, to carry back to her husband's city studio, while she was acting as a judge at a county fair in North Carolina, she started something.

The ware was beautiful, it was colorful, its shape graceful and its glaze rich and unusual. Artists visiting Jacques Busbee saw the treasurers and heard the story of his wife's gifts and wanted pieces of the ware, also. Finally, his friends pursuaded Mr. Busbee to go on a buying trip for them to his native state. That was in 1917. It was spring time in the mountains of North Carolina when the young artist came home. It was a merely incidental matter, this trip eighteen years ago, but it proved later to be one of unusual consequence.

The search for pieces to fill his order brought to him surprise after surprise. Pottery was scarce and hard to find. When found, it was difficult to buy from the natives even for a high price. Mr. Busbee found the potters who still operated their shops in the famous Staffordshire section were men of middle age, who made a few crocks and flowered pots for sale, as a side line, and turned their hands to farming and work in sawmills for a livelihood. Men with generations of craftsmanship behind them, with inherent love of the beautiful and colorful, with hands which were trained in the artistry of molding and modeling from infancy, turning aside into other and less profitable fields of endeavor.

After a careful search and study of the pieces found, Mr. Busbee realized that many of them dated within two generations of Peter Craven, who was one of the first to establish a home in this section and one of the first potters. Something must be done about it at once. The demand was great and the supply limited. So, in a short time after this trip, Jacques Busbee, artist and portrait painter, and his wife Juliana came down from New York and settled in the far away section of Moore County, N. C.

In an article recently prepared by Harriette Hammer Walker, Editor of "The Courier" of Ashboro, the story is attractively given of the work of these artists now famed in every section of America and many foreign countries. Their first work upon arriving in this section was to find someone to "turn" the ware, for Mr. Busbee's art lay in designing and the art of "turning was in the fingers of those descendants of the famous Staffordshire potters. She states, "old wheels were found abandoned, some located along old plank roads and others as doorstones.

For several years Mr. Busbee worked with the older men, but finding it an uphill pull to get any ware save the usual crocks, pie plates and jugs, Mr. Busbee obtained two young men, Ben Owen and Charlie Teague, both direct descendants of these early English settlers and directed their skillful hands. After eighteen years with the same two potters, Jugtown Pottery, for this was the name chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Busbee, is turning out wares that have been sought by England, France, Hawaii, Canada, New Zealand, Australia and Brazil as well as all over the United States. The best museums and art galleries of America, as well as private homes of those who recognize and appreciate the beauty of the Jugtown ware proudly display pieces from this isolated place. Mr. Busbee recognized primitiveness as a state of mind and not a point of time and he has kept the primitive note ever dominant in his ware. From the first few "necessities" of the early race known to artists as Art Useful, Mr. Busbee has branched out gradually and very beautifully as a story unfolds, into Art Ornamental. Realizing that no potters who ever lived have understood better the relation of technique to the things produced than the early Chinese, the influence of this artistic race can be clearly traced in any number of very lovely copies of early Chinese, Japanese and Persian art. A tall lily jar and oil jar, beautiful for their simplicity, a tall four handled jar from the Persian art, a low globular jar in indescribable beautiful Chinese blue used by these people during the Khan dynasty as a funeral jar, and many other beautiful designs are arranged in artistic display in the "cabin." Then mixing the useful are plates, cups and saucers tea and coffee pots, chicken pie and other oven dishes.

The beauty of Mr. Busbee's art as he designs and mixes his colorings for the different types of clay, experiments with glazes and superintends the entire process from pounding the clay in the primitive

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Roselle Mercier Montgomery

A Southern Poet---Transplanted

By MINNIE MARKHAM KERR

WHEN SPRING COMES UP THE SHENANDOAH

When Spring comes up the Shenandoah
It is a rush, a sally;
Swift as a blush on beauty's cheek
She flushes up the Valley!

She passes as in royal state,
The rivers rush to meet her,
The mountains smile as she goes by,
The orchards bloom to greet her.

All beauty's cohorts, lining up,
Salute their sovereign, passing;
The vagrant breezes mobilize,
Their fragrant forces massing.

The birds make music for her march,
The hoarse bees add their humming;
The joyful cattle on the hills,
Deep-throated, hail her coming.

The dogwood flings white banners out,
To greet her every turning,
And high on steep, blue mountain sides,
Are redbud beacons burning.

So Spring comes up the Shenandoah;
I, who have seen her, pity
Those who just be content to see
Her passing in a city!

SURELY no one but a daughter of the South, with the beauty of the Southland deeply engraved on mind and heart, could have given utterance to such a spontaneous hymn of praise as the poem printed above!

Roselle Mercier Montgomery, through fortuitous circumstance, lived in New York during practically the entire creative period of her life; but was, and she remained, a Southerner. Her attitude toward the fundamental things of life was never altered. It was always identical with the traditional attitude of her fellow-southerners living in the geographical south; and after all, as DuBose Heyward points out in his interesting article on

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

Southern Poets, the term "southerner" is to be interpreted as just such an attitude of mind.

Roselle Mercier was born in Crawfordsville, Georgia, and reared in Washington and Augusta of that state. She received her education at Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton, Virginia; which fact may account in some measure for her keen awareness of the beauty of Spring in the valley of the Shenandoah.

As a young woman, her ambition was to be a short-story writer. To this end, she majored in literature at Mary Baldwin, and later followed her English teacher to New York for additional work with her there. Later still, she studied journalism at Columbia University. About this time she married John Seymore Montgomery and her career as a writer suffered eclipse while she reared her family.

During the World War, her husband, a member of the Connecticut Volunteer Naval Militia, was an executive officer of the Harbor of New York. It was during these anxious days, and under the strain of sleepless nights, that Roselle Mercier Montgomery felt again the stirring of the creative impulse; not, however, in the form she had chosen in her youth, but in the lovely poems which sang

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Albert Addison Myers

EARLY on one frosty morn, January 12, 1842, Albert Addison Myers saw the beginning of a long and adventurous life. It was on a farm west of the Pee Dee River in Florence County, South Carolina, where for eighteen years he played, helped farm, and went to school. He received his education at a country school called Flintville Academy where Mt. Zion now stands.

In 1860 he entered Furman University where he was a student when the War Between the States was declared. He soon convinced the faculty and his parents it was his duty to fight for his country, so his parents drove to Florence in a two horse carriage to bid him good-bye. He enlisted in the 8th S. C. Regiment and served for one year and was then transferred to Co. I, 10th S. C. Regiment. The first engagement in which he took part was the First Battle of Manassas in July, 1861. This was one of the greatest victories the Confederate States won. He served through the four year period of the War between the States, winding up at Bentonsville, N. C. from where he walked to his home, taking only three days for the trip. He also fought in the battles of Chicamauga, Murfreesboro and around Atlanta. It was near Atlanta that his brother, G. H. Myers was wounded and lost his arm.

A. A. Myers was wounded only once and that was a slight wound on his thumb while at Atlanta. Hale and hearty then as now he withstood the many hardships of War. One cold night in December near Murfreesboro, Tenn. he suffered intensely while on vidette duty. Then after a scanty breakfast next morning, he went out to fight and was almost stunned when his gun "backfired". At another time while on vidette duty he was so close to the Federals he could hear their videttes moving about occasionally.

The following are some of the incidents during and after the war. Some gay and some sad:

"One of the many times when the Commissary was running low, Bill Finglea and I were sent out to forage for food. We started out early in the morning. After walking about ten miles we came to on avenue of trees, leading to an old Colonial home. We decided to go in and ask for some dinner. Our hostess invited us to sit on the porch for a few minutes until dinner was ready. Weary as we were from so long a tramp we both fell asleep but were soon awakened and went into the best dinner we had had for many a day. The best of the dinner was the delicious biscuit and butter and I hesitate to tell you how many were consumed."

George Finglea, father of Drs. Newell and Jesse W. Finklea, aided and abetted Mr. Myers in some tricks they decided to play on the Sutler. Change was very scarce at that time, so the Sutler began to give out slips of paper for change. Mr. Myers being rather good at copying one's handwriting changed some of the five cents slips to fifty cents so successfully that they were taken in by the Sutler without detection for some time. The tables were finally turned, through, for when Mr. Myers and Mr. Finklea bought a load of half-moon pies to sell to the soldiers, some were paid for with the same fifty cents slips. In spite of this, however, they made about fifteen or twenty dollars on the load. Another of his clever imitations was used to write "Leave of Absence" permits for some of the men. So well did he copy Col. C. I. Walker's name that the permits passed inspection.

The next fourteen years after the war were spent in Reconstruction as an active member of the Red Shirts. He was many times accused of being a K. K. K. But these accusations were never proven.

As chairman of the Democratic club of Cain's Township he had the honor of introducing Wade Hampton who was then running for Governor, at Hymansville (Hyman). He introduced him as the man who is known from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande and from Chesapeake to San Francisco.

During the war hats were hard to obtain. "The Girl He Left Behind" and who later became his wife made one for him of hard woven cloth, using cardboard for an inner lining. It fitted perfectly, but these hats were for the sunshiny weather only, so when the rain fell, his beautiful hat drooped like a wilted flower. This shower fell during the battle of Bentonsville and when some of the Federals surrendered Mr. Myers noticed that one of them had a brand new hat. Taking only a minute to decide he quickly snatched the prisoner's hat and gave him his and went on his way rejoicing.

Sometimes a furlough was accomplished and this one might have been the time when Col. Walker sent for Mr. Myers and gave him one for meritorious conduct. Anyway when he was ready to start back, his father gave him $500.00 for return trip. His first purchase was a pair of brogans which cost him $80.00, then the next morning his breakfast at Raleigh cost $40.00 and his servant's (Wade Myers) cost $20.00. Thus the $500.00 soon vanished.

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The Claims of Sidney Lanier to The Hall of Fame

By ROSEMARY LYONS JONES

HIGH above the stately Hudson a procession moves along the shady colonnaded walk. From off the Palisades a gentle breeze comes to ruffle the somber robes of the professors, the Grecian drapes of the trumpeteers, slim trumpets pressed to lips in song triumphant. A few words of presentation, a few more words of acceptance—perhaps a poem. A hushed silence. From somewhere the liquid notes of a flute. And the bust of Sidney Lanier is unveiled! He has won his rightful place among the immortals of America.

* * * *

This will be, one hopes, the scene at New York University some Spring when the name of Sidney Lanier is included in the Hall of Fame. Surely anyone who has read and loved Lanier would glow with pride in contemplating or witnessing a scene such as this. Nor would one hesitate to throw his or her efforts toward its fulfillment!

In these troublous times Sidney Lanier as an advocate of peace shines forth like a diamond in the night. And, like a diamond, has many facets; poet, musician, teacher, scholar, prose writer, composer and prophet. At this time it is especially interesting to find so eloquent a champion of peace as this young bard out of the Southland. William Haves Ward, whose beautiful "Memorial" prefaces one edition of Lanier's poetry, says of him that "the tyranny and Christlessness of war oppressed him". Having been a soldier of the Confederacy and a prisoner of war, from which experience he returned to Macon broken and ill, he knew firsthand the horrors, the utter emptiness of it all. It was this aversion to war that later inspired him to write his one novel, "Tiger Lillies", in which he makes a strong argument against the wiles of Mars The most telling plea for peace, I think, is the testimony of a soldier, for he knows war and its terrible futility.

Lanier's advocacy of peace, however, was prompted by a deeper motive than the mere hatred of warfare. It was nurtured by his love for his fellow-man and by his in-dwelling Christianity. The brotherhood of man is a moving thought in much of what Lanier thought and wrote. His "Cantata" in which musical and poetic genius are merged, as a definite plea for the fraternity of the world. This is portrayed in the closing lines:

"Long as thy God is God above
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

O Music, from this height of time my Word unfold
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's heart behold
Mid-heaven unroll thy cords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

In "The Crystal" his conception of Christianity is definitely presented. In this poem the literary and historical lights of the world pass in each having to be forgiven for flaws of one kind or another. The final lines are:

But Thee, but Thee O sovereign Seer of time
But Thee O poets' Poet, wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's Best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King or Priest,—
——Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal, Christ?"

And yet his Christianity owned no intolerance and led him once to cry out "I fled in tears from men's ungodly quarrel about God!"

More than a mere artisan of verse, Sidney Lanier is champion of all that is beautiful and pure in life and nature. He sang and thought and taught,— more than that, he lived!—in utter worship of beauty and purity. One knows that the soaring thought expressed in his work is a true image of inner man. Lanier believes, as do many of us, that no literary work is worth the paper upon which it is written if it does not give forth something that in some measure uplifts or benefits. To me, the greatness of Lanier lies not in the lovely music of his verse nor in his beauty and versatility

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Special Report from Sons of Confederate Veterans

By FRED P. MEYERS
Division Commander, District of Columbia and Maryland

REPORT OF SPECIAL COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE ALLEGED IMPROPER OMISSION OF RECOGNITION OF CONFEDERATE NAMES ON ARLINGTON MEMORIAL AMPHITHEATER AND ON MEMORIAL BRIDGE, WASHINGTON D. C.

This report was prepared by the committee in obedience to a resolution passed by the general convention of Sons of Confederate Veterans in order to develop the facts and thus to settle once for all the criticism prevalent among our southern people that the recognition of the Confederacy was wrongfully and intentionally omitted from the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre and the Memorial Bridge and in violation of the laws and regulations governing them.

* * * *

We the committee appointed to investigate the above-mentioned matter, hereby submit the following as our finding of facts:

Arlington Memorial Amphitheater

It appears from the Act of Congress of May 30, 1908 to 1921 establishing the Amphitheater and constituting the Commission in control thereof, that the said Commission consists of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Superintendent of the U. S. Capitol Building, one member of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be designated by the commander-in-chief of the organization, and a member of the United Spanish War Veterans, to be designated by the commander-in-chief of that organization. By act of Congress of March 3, 1915, called the Public Buildings Act, Mr. Fred Beall, commander of Camp 171 United Confederate Veterans of the District of Columbia was added to the aforesaid Commission. The Amphitheater was formally dedicated May 15, 1920 and on June 30 of the same year, the amphitheater and its approaches were turned over to the Quartermaster Department of the Army, in whose charge it has since been.

In selecting appropriate inscriptions for the amphitheater, the Commission adopted the following plan: the matter was first referred to the librarian of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. The lists prepared by them were then referred to a committee consisting of the president of Harvard University, the president of the University of Michigan and the president of the University of Virginia. Finally the lists as revised and proposed by this committee, were referred to the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy, and then by them to the Commission for final approval and adoption. In its final report, the Commission remarks upon the lack of space as necessarily compelling the omission of many illustrious names.

The inscriptions as thus finally approved and now on the amphitheater, are as follows:

The inscriptions over the stage of the Amphitheater consist of the following from George Washington; "When we assumed the soldier we did not lay aside the citizen"; and from Abraham Lincoln: "Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain".

On one side of the stage facing the interior of the Amphitheater are inscribed the following names of military commanders: Washington, Greene, Wayne, Jackson, Scott, Taylor, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, McClellan, Meade, Shafter, Meritt.

On the other side of the stage and in a corresponding position are the following names of Naval commanders: Jones, Truxtun, Preble, Hull, Decatur, Perry, McDonough, Stewart, Farragut, Porter, Foote, Worden, Dewey, Sampson.

Around the top of the colonnade on the exterior of the Amphitheater are inscribed the following names of battle. (and for our present interest and purpose we give here only those of the War between the States): Fort Sumter, Donelson, Antietam, Cedar Creek, Shiloh, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Malvern Hill, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Franklin, Nashville, Atlanta, Winchester, the Wilderness, Petersburg, Appomattox, Mobile Bay.

Since the building of the Amphitheater grew out of the custom of observing Memorial Day pursuant to General Orders of the Grand Army of the Republic promulgated 1868, it would seem both from its history and wording of the Act establishing it, that it was not the legislative intent to include any inscription except in recognition of ser-

rices rendered with the Army anad Navy of the United States. The South and southern interests seem to have been recognized in personnel of the Commission and in the selection of the inscriptions in a minority, though as it was evidently then thought, in an appropriate, manner.

We might appropriately here add that according to the Public Building Act of March 4, 1913, the Commission consisted of the following: Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison; Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels; Supt. of Capitol Buildings and Grounds, Elliott Woods; Judge Ivory G. Kimball, Past Commander Grand Army of the Republic; Capt. Charles W. Newton, Past Commander-in-Chief United Spanish War Veterans. Later upon the death of Judge Kimball, he was succeeded by Mr. John McElroy, Hon. Lindley M. Garrison was succeded by Hon. Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War, and Col. C. S. Ridley, United States Army was succeeded by Col. W. W. Harts as executive and disbursing officer. Mr. Fred Beall, commander of Camp 171 United Confederate Veterans was a member of the Commission as aforesaid.

Memorial Bridge

It appears that by virtue of the Act of Congress of March 4, 1913 the following Commission was created to consist of the President of the United States, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the President of the Senate, the chairmen of the committees on Public Buildings and Grounds of the House of Representatives and of the Senate and the duty of which Commission was to investigate and report to Congress a suitable design for the Memorial. According to the minutes of the Commission of June 19, 1922, the Commission of Fine Arts was called upon for advice relating to the various architectural and artistic matters connected with the designing of the Memorial Bridge.

The one central idea of the project was apparently to build a memorial bridge connecting the Lincoln Memorial and the Lee Mansion, thus typifying the final union of the shrine representing the Nation's gratitude with the shrine representing the dignity and sublimity of Lee and thus of the finest things in Southern life and character. It seems to have been the conclusion of those responsible for its designing to let the beauty and dignity of the structure thus speak for itself without memorializing any definite historical events or persons or organizations, and thus to lend greater solemnity and a more dignified expression of its significance. The intent is to have none but decorative and ornamental inscriptions.

The intent of the Commission may be stated in the following quotation from the message of President Coolidge transmitting to the Congress, April 22, 1924, the Report of the Arlington Memorial Bridge Commission. He says:"

"The architecture has been kept as simple and severe as possible, the structure mainly depending for its beauty upon the perfection of its general proportions and its adornments with significant sculptured pieces of the highest quality of design·· The sculpture on the sides of the four pylons (mounted by eagles symbolic of the United States) represent in different ways the recognition of the common bonds and aspirations of the Nation and the final triumph of the idea of a permanent and complete union.

"The pairs of figures on each end of the piers of the bridge represent symbolically the outcome of that harmonious Union, the result of the energies of the entire country in the arts of peace—that is those inventions and accomplishments in science and art particularly with the history of the country. Thus would be symbolized the agricultural, engineering, religious and educational progress, to mention but a few categories of action. In the opinion of the architect this sculpture utilizes the entire conception of the design of the bridge, differentiating this memorial from all others and making the reasons or its existence intelligible at a glance".

The committee thus submits this report after a sincere attempt to find the actual ultimate facts of the purposes and the execution of these two great projects. We have tried to report them impartially and fairly. It is the opinion of the Committee, if we may be permitted to express it, that there exists no just reason to conclude that the South has been discriminated against in the planning and execution of these structures. So far as the Committee has been enabled to learn, they were planned and executed in accordance with their original purpose, as indicated by the Statutes creating them.

The Committee wishes to acknowledge its debt to the office of National Parks, Buildings, and Reservations of the Department of the Interior, to the Cemeterial Department of the office of Quartermaster General of the United States Army for their valuable assistance and uniform courtesy. The Committee also found most valuable the Final Report of the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater Commission, as transmitted to the Congress by Hon. Newton D. Baker, March 2, 1921, and the Final Report of the Arlington Memorial Bridge Commission as transmitted to the Congress by President Calvin Coolidge, April 22, 1924.

Respectfully, submitted

FRED P. MEYERS, Chairman

The Main Street of the South

ANNE V. MANN

JACKSON HOSPITAL
RECEIVES BEQUEST

Jackson Memorial Hospital at Lexington Virginia has recently recieved a bequest. This was revealed through the terms of the will of William A. Knick of Rockbridge county and is to be used to create The William A. Knick Memorial Fund", the interest from which is to be for those of Buffalo district in which Mr. Knick resided who are not able to pay for hospital services. The amount which the hospital will receive under the terms of the will is variously estimated from $12,000 to $15,000. The will provides that if the hospital refuses to accept the bequest that it is to go to the Presbyterian Orphans' Home as an endownment fund.

The hospital which is owned and operated by the Mary Custis Lee chapter of Lexington is located in the home of which Stonewall Jackson occupied while a citizen of Lexington and is a perpetual Memorial to that Christian soldier who sleeps his last sleep in the cemetery of that city.

* * * *

OLD TIME LADIES
HAVE DISAPPEARED

Time and manners change. Most of us are aware of this and nowhere is it more apparent than when we hear the term "Woman" rather than the old time "Lady".

A comment in the Raleigh News and Observer of March 29 entitled "No More Ladies" brought this forcibly to my mind and I am sure that though you may take issue with Dr. MacCracken in the opinion which causes the comment, you will read the comment with interest. It says:

There are "no more ladies."

They have disappeared from the face of America, according to no less an authority than Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, who, as president of Vassar College through which a procession of females pass from academic generation, may be presumed to know what he is talking about. All the "ladies in the old sense," he reports, are gone.

This is disturbing news. The world needs ladies. It needs grace and manners, and women trained in a pattern of gentility who are able to both create and preside over the good life. It is at least possible, however that it is easier to advise a lady in retrospect than it was to be one in reality. She was lovely in rustling silk. Over the shoulder of time, she symbolizes a more decorous and far more secure past. But for all her charm and superiority, she lived in days when women, even ladies, were generally regarded as incapable of receiving such education as Vassar now gives to hundreds of young women every year. She lived in a world which she graced but was deemed incapable of help-

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U. D. C. Department of Education

Mrs. John C. Abernathy Second Vice Pres. Gen.

Committee on Education: Mrs. B. B. Ross; Mrs. R. D. Wright; Mrs. J. P. Higgins; Mrs. T. W. Reed, Chr. Raines Fund; and Mrs. John C. Abernathy, Chairman.

In continuing to serve the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this, my third, year as Chairman of the Committee on Education, may I express my appreciation of your confidence in electing me to the office of second vice president general at the convention held in New York, in November, 1934, which office will in the future determine the chairmanship of the committee on Education.

The new folders of U. D. C. scholarships for the collegiate year 1935-1936 have been sent to the division chairmen who will supply them to the chapters. Besides the gift scholarships that are re-awarded to students who have qualified for this consideration, there are five gift scholarships to be filled for the coming year, as well as many excellent tuition and part-tuition scholarships which colleges and universities make possible to this organization. Especially do I wish to call your attention to the very liberal tuition scholarships offered

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Poets and Poetry of the Southland

By GRACE DUPREE RIDINGS

Fire Hazard

ood mawin', Boss. Is dis de place
Whar insurance is bought?"
alk right in. What kind do you
want?"
"What kind, suh, is you got?"

hy, life insurance, burglary,
Earthquake, tornado, war,
e insurance—you'll find we sell
Whatever you're looking for."

aw, suh, I doan' want but jes' one
kind.
But you mek it strong as you can.
wants some fiah insurance, Boss,
Made out on my ol' man."

ut Auntie, you've got this all
wrong!
On people we give Life."
ow look hyah, Boss, who's runnin'
dis?
knows. I is his wife.

e doan' need life. He's peart
enough.
Naw, wait—you lemme speak.
niggah needs fiah insurance,
Boss—
He been fiahed fo' times dis
week!"

—Ida May Wood

Grey Roofs

Winning poem of the past month)

window looks upon grey roofs
at raise a shingle barricade
tween my neighbor folk and me,
ey roofs all grimly, stoutly made:

haras through the glittering day,
ith here and there a fringe of
green
here poplars lift their restless arms
silver windows quietly lean.

dusk they give off waves of heat
en sink from view. But oh, at
dawn
ese roofs are lichened carpets
spread
r sunlight elves to dance upon!

—Marie Barton

Old Sweethearts

You gave me love and love's unself-
ishness,
You walked the ways of bitterness
and dearth
That I might have the fullness of
the earth
And win the thing that men have
called success;
You were a brave companion in dis-
tress,
And yet a splendid partner for my
mirth.
I think that I appreciate your
worth
More than the world, or even you,
may guess.

But the old fields that knew my
wanderings
And the dim wood-paths that my
feet have traced,
The ways of birds and little furry
things
Were earlier sweethearts that your
love displaced;
Oh think me not ungrateful when
I say
You gave me much and much you
took away!

—Witney Montgomery

Cotton Pickers

With backs rainbowing to the sun
And thoughts rainbowing to the
sky,
The pickers dart their hands upon
The lint, and plan what they will
buy,—

Except the farmer. As he bends low
The circle of his back,
His fingers shuttling to and fro
The gaping mouth of the sack,

He reconds if the yield is good,
And if prices do not drop,
And if things turn out the way they
should,
He can start another crop.

—Vaida Stewart Montgomery

Slave's Shawl

Aunt Cassie left one treasure when
she died,
A big red shawl—her present from
"Ole Miss".
When the surrender came the black
slave cried
As only the broken hearted can. O,
this
New freedom only meant that she
must leave
Her own white folks. She lifted up
her voice
In prayer that she might be allowed
to cleave
To those she served and loved—She
had no choice.

Life brought no gift more precious
than her shawl.
She treasured it for more than sixty
years,
And now to me it is a courage call—
A challenge to forget my futile tears.
I touch it softly when I am bereft,
This shawl—this big red shawl Aunt
Cassie left.

—Elsie Duncan Sanders

Gray Battalions

They sleep there the Southern violet
Perfumes the balmy air;
And where the modest migonette
Blooms by the wayside fair,
Beneath the Southern grasses,
Once splashed and stained with
red,
Where no more the bayonet flashes,
They bivouac with their dead.

Beneath the sighing pines
And under the steadfast stars,
Where moonlight faintly shines,
And the shadows the sunlight bars.
Slender boyish forms—
Arrayed in army gray—
Awaiting the judgment morn'
—The resurrection day.—

And when the last bugle call
Shall sound the reveille
And the gray battalions all
March up from land and sea:
Those who sleep in graves unknown,
Unmarked of love or fame,
Will come again unto their own
Will answer to their name.

—Winifred Ennis Hendee

Historical Highlights

By MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON

(In our two previous Columns have been listed some of the "firsts" of southern history in the early and later Colonial period, which are seldom recorded in our text books. Also the "firsts" in Education of the South followed now by southern literature. These are given with the hope that each State may search out the "firsts" and teach them to the coming generation. I would suggest that copies be made of these "Historical Highlights" and distributed to schools and used too for "round table" discussions of U. D. C. Chapters. From many sources these facts have been gathered and are authenticated as far as possible.)

Beginnings Of Literature In The South

The Colonial period produced very few writers either North or South, and these dealt chiefly with discoveries. But the beginning of American Literature in the New World was Alexander Whitaker's "Good News", the author being called "The Apostle of Virginia", for he started the first school of that Colony (and of America) in 1620, and it received the praise of Pope and Dryden. This was published, of course, in England. Captain John Smith's "History of Virginia" was also published across the water, but the first book to come from a printing press in America was George Sandy's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, the first five having been printed in England before he sailed for Virginia, and the remainig ten on American soil. (See "The South in History and Literature, Rutherford). Even the Jamestown, Va. Settlement, encouraged the study of Literature, for it had the first circulating library in the New World. How many know that the first tragedy, and America's first published play was written by Thomas Godfrey in, Wilmington, North Carolina, completed November 1759.? This first play—tragedy was called, "The Prince of Parthia", was written with a quill pen, very laboriously, but this long and tedious task won for Godfrey renown as the first drama writer of America. Dying in 1763, before his play was polished, his literary genius was snuffed out though a friend, Nathaniel Evans, gathered together Godfrey's manuscripts and in 1765 published this "Prince of Parthia".

The North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America have erected a Monument at the grave of America's first play-wright in the cemetery of historic St. James Church at Wilmington, (to this adopted son of North Carolina). A copy of the 1765 edition of this first American drama is on display at the Library of the University of North Carolina.

Apropos of this first written drama, it may be of interest to know that the first theathrical performance in America of which there is any record took place in 1665 in Accomack Co., Md. The play presented was called Ye Beare And Ye Cub. (See History of Md., M. P. Andrews)

Maryland furnished several writers of the early Colonial period. These were George Alsop, narrator and poet, who was engaged in putting such literary talent as he possesses into the matter of commending the Province to others." (History of Maryland, Andrews). The Rev Thomas Bray and Father Andrew Whit (author of Relation Itineris) John Hammond, author of Leah and Rachael; George H. Miles, essayist, poet, dramatist.

From a Roman Catholic Priest of Maryland Charles Henry Wharton, came the first poetic appreciation of Gen. George Washington, A Poetical Epistle to George Washington", which extols the character and service of the "Father of his Country". In the midst of the Revolution appeared "The Belles of Williamsburg", a poem by Dr. James McClurg and St. George Tucker, praising the social graces of the young ladies of Virginia's famous Colonial Capital.

While many of the Colonial writings were of discoveries, yet the clergy played a decided part in literature, for this developed in a theological form. Many of the finest types of writings preserved today are from the pens of those early ministers who came over as missionaries to the Colonies.

In the Era preceding and following the Revolution the writings of statesmen of the South are preserved as high types of literature. Thomas Jefferson early published a "Summary View of the Rights of British America", which passed through several London editions. His extensive correspondence is a valuable contribution to American political history. James Madison's writings are of great value to the student of history and political philosophy. The writings of George Washington, produced in camp surrounded by the din of arms, are remarkable for clearness of expression and force of language, with a tone of high patriotism.

John Marshall's "Life of Washington" is a faithful narrative, written in a clear style, possessing much literary merit.

Continued on page 42

The Scrap-Book

By MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

LOUISIANA—

Where the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico wash the shore of the fairest land beneath the sun. Where the magnolia and orange blossoms give fragrance to the air, and roses bloom the whole year through. And the mocking bird in all of his glory pours forth his melodies by sun-light and moon-light. No where is nature more beautiful or generous in its gifts to man. The land of history, chivalry and romance, thy fame has been told in song and story, and will last through the ages. Wherever we roam, we always come back to home, sweet home.

Ex-Gov. Alfred Roman presided:

The secession convention assembled in the hall of the House of Representatives in the old State House Baton Rouge. A committee of fifteen was appointed to draft an ordinance of secession. Their report was heard next day. It was adopted by a vote of 113 ayes and 17 nays.

Louisiana seceded January 26, 1861. The original document of Secession is now in the Dixie Museum at the Louisiana State University.

Governor Alfred Roman was one of the commissioners sent to Washington to arrange for peaceful secession.

Signers of the Constitution of the Confederacy: C. M. Conrad, Edward Sparrow.

Senators to the Confederate Congress, Thomas J. Semmes, Edward Sparrow.

Members of the House, Charles M. Conrad, Alexander De Cluet, Lucian J. Dupre, Henry Gray, E. L. Hodges, Duncan F. Kenner, Henry Marshall, John Perkins Jr., Charles J. Villiere, Paul J. Semmes.

Louisiana put 57,000 men in the Confederate service. These formed 982 companies and won honor and distinction on all hard fought battle fields, with army of Virginia and Tennessee, from Bull Run to Appomattox. None braver. They fought with Lee, Jackson and Beauregard, Johnson, Hood, and Bragg. They went forth with hearts of steel to do or die for principals they held sacred.

Louisiana is justly proud of her sons, native born and adopted.

Louisiana's very own, Perre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, General who directed the fire of the first gun against Fort Sumter.

Adopted sons who entered Confederate service from the State: Braxton Bragg, Henry W. Allen, Richard Taylor, Judah P. Benjamin, John Slidell, Pierre Soule.

Louisiana Commanders: General P. G. T. Beauregard, Lieut-Gen. Richard Taylor, Major-General Braxton Bragg, Martin Luther Smith.

Brigadier-Generals:

H. W. Allen, T. C. Armstrong, C. W. Adams, Albert G. Blachard P. C. Herbert, L. Herbert, F. T. Nichols, Alfred Mounton, R. L. Gibson, J. Hodges, Sibley, James Traham, Leroy Stafford, Frank Garner, P. J. Major, James Trudeau, John B. Grayson, Thomas M. Scott, Johnson K. Duncan, St. John R. Liddell, Edward Higgins, Allen Thomas, Zebulon York, Joseph L. Brent, Henry Gray, Harry T. Hays, Adly H. Gladden.

Judah P. Benjamin served as follows, with promotion in the Confederate Cabinet. Attorney-General, Secretary of State, Secretary of War with John A. Campbell, (of La.) Assistant Secretary of War.

Col. Thomas S. Bayne, Chief of Bureau of Foreign Supplies.

A committee of three was appointed by the secession convention to select a new State flag and the following was adopted Feb. 4. 1861. It consisted of thirteen stripes: blue, white and red, with a red field on which was a single yellow star. It represented the colors of France and Spain. Only one flag was made, it was raised over the City Hall in New Orleans, was captured when the city fell and no trace of it has ever been found.
her garden".

This very delightful article prepared by Mrs. Fred W. Bradt of Alexandria, La., on the Historical facts of War Between The States 1861-65 will be continued in next issue.

WANTED

Volume 1, Number 2, Mississippi Edition—Address Mrs. C. A. Carmon, Box 416, Concord, N. C.

U. D. C. HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, Macon, Ga., Historian General

To The United Daughters of the Confederacy:

In response to urgent appeals from state presidents and other members of our organization I sent as part of my program a tentative prize list without waiting for replies to all of my inquiries about renewal of prizes through our organization. Some of the former donors have responded by renewal and a number of them have declined, while some have made no reply whatsoever. Therefore, in the list appended you will find only such as have agreed to carry on in 1935 by this form of gift to our work.

You will find changes in some of the subjects from the original publication, change in some of the prizes and I trust you will acquaint your Division promptly with the subjects and the terms on which the prizes are offered.

In regard to the prize offered by chairman to advance Lanier for the Hall of Fame, a copy of Lanier's poems, is to be given to the chapter sending in the first correct list indicating the particular poem of Lanier's from which each of the quotations used on the 1935 program is selected. In addition the chairman offers the same recognition to the chapter which forwards to her the 25th correct list and a third incentive, to the chapter whose correct list arrives the 50th to report. Already great interest has been aroused and the chairman hopes that by this method very many more of our own people will have read Lanier from cover to cover.

I would call attention especially to the absolute necessity of every chapter Historian having access to the Southern Magazine in order to carry on intelligently the work of our organization.

Chapters are urged to spend this $1.50 in order to supply Historians with necessary help to their work.

No contestant who has previously won a prize can enter the essay contest on the same subject.

Note the additional prizes in connection with Jefferson Davis, the chief subject of our program for the year.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Raleigh, N. C. has been made chairman of the Southern Literature for Libraries and she will doubtless be able to help you on securing information desired on many of the subjects for which prizes are offered.

Yours to command,
Eugenia Dorothy Blount Lamar

GENERAL HISTORICAL PRIZES FOR 1935

THE RAINES BANNER—To the Division reporting the best Historical work for the year, along all lines. Given in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines.

THE SIDNEY LANIER PRIZE—Ten dollars for the best publicity by any State toward advancing the name of Sidney Lanier, Poet-Musician for the 1935 election to the Hall of Fame of New York University. Given by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Macon, Ga. Chairman of the Lanier Committee, U. D. C.

THE JEANNE FOX WEINMAN CUP—To the Division reporting the best historical work accomplished in schools (according to percentage of membership of Division)

THE JOHN A. PERDUE LOVING CUP—For copy of most interesting and original Diary of a Confederate Soldier or woman of the 60's. Must be accompanied by affidavit from contestant, stating it to be a true copy, and never published.

THE THOMAS B. OSBORNE CUP—For best collection of Incidents of Heroism of Southern men and women during the War Between the States. Submit to Historian General. Given annually by Mrs. John L. Woodbury of Kentucky, in memory of her father, a soldier of the Confederacy.

THE WILLIAM JACKSON WALKER CUP—To the Chapter placing the greatest number of books on Southern History and Literature, with the official U. D. C. book plate in each in any library school or town. Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles of Alabama, in memory of her father, a captain under Gen. N. B. Forrest.

(Book plates may be bought from Mrs. John L. Woodbury Louisville, Ky.) Chapters must report numbers of book plates to the Division Historians, who submit to Historian General.

PRIZES OFFERED BY THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

SILVER LOVING CUP—Given the Division for the most subscriptions before November Convention.

SILVER VASE—To individual sending in greatest number of subscriptions to The Southern Magazine, 1935.

$5.00—To Division placing greatest number of Southern Magazines in Schools and Libraries.

SILVER CUP—To C. of C. Division sending in greatest number of subscriptions. This cup to be competed for year after year.

$10.00—Poetry Prize given by Grace Dupree Ridings.

ESSAY PRIZES

THE MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD CUP—For the best criticism of a History or Biography dealing with the periods of the War Between the States or Reconstruction. Given by the U. D. C. in memory of an honored Past Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford of Athens, Georgia.

HYDE CAMPBELL LOVING CUP—For the best review of R. E. Lee by Dr. Douglas Freeman offered by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Charleston, S. C.

THE FERGUSON PRIZE—$15.00 to be awarded to the vision Historian reporting the placing of the largest num- r of Dr. Freeman's R. E. Lee in schools or public libra- s.

THE ORREN RANDOLPH SMITH PRIZE—Given by his ughter, Miss Jessica R. Smith, twenty-five dollars for st essay on "The Value of the Jefferson Davis Historical undation in Preserving Southern History."

TEN DOLLARS—Offered by Edward S. Shorter in hon- of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. James Shorter, close iends of Mr. Davis, on "Jefferson Davis, United States ecretary of War under President Pierce."

TEN DOLLARS—To be given by the Wadesboro Chapter honor of Mrs. John H. Anderson to be known as the Lucy ndon Anderson prize—subject—"The South's Part in istory and Literature."

THE JAMES PINCKNEY HARRIS CUP—Offered by iss Cora Harris for the best essay on the subject of "Jef- rson Davis the Statesman", the cup to be retained by ie winner.

THE YATES MEDAL—Ten dollars for essay on Confed- rate newspapers. Given in memory of William James ates, Editor 1856-1886, by his daughter, Mrs. I. W. aison, Charlotte, N. C.

THE ADELIA DUNOVANT CUP—For essay on "John . Calhoun, Apostle of States Rights" Given annually by rs. W. E. Calhoun, in memory of her sister, a former airman of the history Committee U. D. C.

ROBERTS MEDAL—For second best essay in the con- st for members of U. D. C.

Essay prizes open to those outside the United Daughters of the Confederacy as well as to members. College Students are included.

TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS—For essay on "The Value f Southern History and Traditions to the Nation." Of- red by the New York Southern Society through Mr. Gar- nd Powell Peed, Secretary.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS—For best essay on "Plantation ife in the Old South", offered by Mrs. James Henry Par- er, President of the New York Chapter, U. D. C.

TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS—For essay on "Why Jeffer- n Davis was never brought to Trial". Given in memory of iss Mary Lou Gordon White of Tennessee, by her sister, rs. L. C. W. Hood.

TEN DOLLARS—For essay on "The Military Genius of tonewall Jackson." Offered by Miss Julia M. Wintz, harleston, West Virginia, in honor of her father, John m. Wintz.

ONE DOZEN STRATFORD PLATES—(Wedgewood)— ffered by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, in honor of her mother, rs. James H. Blount, a war bride of the sixties, to the ivision of the United Daughters of the Confederacy which akes the largest contribution to the Stratford fund dur- ng the year of dedication—1935. Plates may be auctioned ingly by winner as souvenirs or sold to individual as a et.

RULES FOR ESSAYS

1. Essays must not contain over 2,500 words, numbers tated at top left hand corner of page.

2. Must be typed, double spaced and signed with ficti- ious name. Real name, Chapter and address of writer plac- d in sealed envelope clipped to essay. Outside of envelope ictitious name and subject of essay. Must keep carbon opies.

Ten points will be taken off from estimate of any essay s penalty for use of the words Civil War when speaking of he War Between the States. Winning essays kept by His- orian General. Send stamp for return of others.

NBC RADIO CITY LENDS SUPPORT TO PUBLICITY OF LANIER POEM

On the morning of November 25th in accordance with plans for broadcasting, The Symphony of Lanier, Mrs. Lamar, Chairman for U. D. C. "To Advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame" arrived at 9:30 according to appointment at the NBC studio for rehearsal preparatory to presenting to the people of the U. S. A. Lanier's poem with musical accompaniment.

For convenience I will drop the third person and give my personal experience.

Having talked with the head of the department, Mr. Merriman and the musical Director, Mr. Honti, on the day previous about the musical numbers to be used, Mrs. Dennis, Chairman for Georgia, and I entered the audition room where we found the musicians assembling for the rehearsal at 9:30 and when the golden harp appeared, I knew I was about to be transplanted to heavenly climes. I was struck with the fact that there was no lost motion in questions as to whether we could do this or that. Conductor Honti said, "We will try it out now with the music". The mike was adjusted, Mrs. Dennis took position, read her introduction of about two minutes. The orchestra began softly The Largo from the New World Symphony and at a signal I began the poem.

Of "The Symphony", Lanier wrote his wife "Therein I personify each instrument of the orchestra and make them discuss deep social questions of the times".

Through the first twenty-eight lines of the voice of the Violin, the New World Symphony of Dvorak was played with its heart-reaching airs, then began and continued through about fifty lines, the Prelude in E Minor by Chopin and the last paragraph of the message of the violin was read to the Grieg Nocturne. After the slightest pause, the voice of the Flute to the Gluck Melodie and with its rich music, the flute leading, was given the message of that instrument.

The words of The Clarionet were given to the Rubenstein's "Kamenoi Ostroi"—first "as a little breeze amongst the trees" and then—with tragedy uppermost and the closing sigh "If men loved larger, larger were our lives, and wooed they nobler won they nobler wives".

To the impressive strains from Parsifal were heard the things the noble horn contributes, "I dare avouch, my faith is bright, That God doth right and God hath might". The last paragraph of his message to Fleir's The Horn.

And then the "Oboe" played and smiled like any large eyed child, cool-hearted and undefiled. "It sang its song to the air of "McDowell's Scotch Poem", carrying the thought "Never shalt thou the heavens see, save as a little child thou be." "O'er sea-lashings of commingling tunes the ancient wise bassoons—Chanted runes" and through the rest of the poem were heard "chords most fit" from the introduction to the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikowsky. The last four lines which reach the lofty climax "Music is love in search of a word were given without accompaniment and the orchestra again swept in with the Scotch poem and closed with the sweet strains from The Largo, which we know as "Going Home".

I was struck with the value and the possibilities of the split second. As I finished reading the Director, Paul Dumont, waited for what seemed to me, with eye on clock, aeons of time but he knew how much could be encompassed and made his closing remarks in plenty time and to spare.

The experience was one most grateful to lovers of Lanier.

Continued on page 47

Message of The President-General

Dear Daughters:

Much interest is being manifested in the presentation of the portraits of General Robert E. Lee, which the United Daughters of the Confederacy will present to the Military Schools of the United States during the years 1935. This recommendation contained in my report November, 1934, was enthusiastically adopted see page 89, 1934 minutes.

The two larger schools to receive a portrait of General Lee, are the Engineer School, Ft. Humphries, Va., and the Command and Staff School Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. These two portraits will be painted by Mr. Chas Wilchek, portrait painter of New York, N. Y.

They will be copied from a portrait owned by Dr. C. Bolling Lee, grandson of General Lee, who graciously gave his consent to have them copied for this purpose. Dr. Lee says this magnificent portrait of his grandfather has been an inspiration to him throughout his life. The picture now hangs in his home in New York. The portrait was done by the eminent American painter Jno. Elder, who painted only two pictures of General Lee in this pose, although he did many others, One of these two hangs in the Cocharan Art Gallery, Washington D. C. and the other belongs to Dr. Lee. Those of you who have seen the one in the Cocharan Art Gallery will recognize it as a magnificent military figure, painted when General Lee was at the height of his military genius.

The committee was most fortunate to secure this fine portrait and plans are under way for the presentations at an early date.

The picture which will be given to Ft. Humphries will be the gift of the Children of the Confederacy who have asked, through their leader, Mrs. Frank Dennis 3rd Vice President general, the privilege of making this lasting and fitting memorial to the great Southern leader. Love for, and faith in young people was an outstanding characteristic of General Lee and it is most appropriate that this should be done by the Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Dennis has made all announcements regarding this in her folder which has been in your hands since January 1st.

It is my earnest desire that all Division registrars and residents use all care in getting new members and in cooperating with Mrs. Harris the Registrar General, who is trying to get a correct application for us all. In my first message I stressed the initiation fee, and will again speak for it. There can be absolutely no change from our bylaw which calls for this fee, but great speed can be made in getting certificates promptly if the Registrar and Business office are notified that this has been received, by the Div. Treasurer. Some of our rules are inadequate to our needs. This is one—see bylaw covering "How the initiation fee is now sent—" so for the present use patience and perseverance and let us get many new members during the year 1935.

I wish to say a word about the committee of Southern Literature for home and foreign Libraries. Mrs. Jno. Anderson the chairman needs some funds to carry on this work and will make her appeal direct to you either for books that she needs or such funds as the chapters will send. Perhaps your chapter members may have exactly what Mrs. Anderson needs for some library. Write her.

The will of Mrs. Corra Harris, the eminent Georgia novelist, who died recently, reads like a chapter from one of her books. She wills that her home, a beautiful log cabin built by the Cherokee Indian Chief, Pine Log, be offered to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and if not accepted by them to be tendered to the United Daughters of the Confederacy and if we fail to receive it that it be maintained as a memorial.

It is not likely that we will be called on to accept the legacy, about which I have already written, but it is most gratifying that our organization was one of those whom Mrs. Harris thought highly enough of, to mention in her last will and testament.

A list of electors for the next selection of a name for the place in the Hall of Fame has just come to me. You may obtain one from the chairman of the committee for the advancement of Sidney Lanier for the hall of fame," Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, chairman.

Now is the time to make contacts and letters on behalf of our candidate will be greatly appreciated.

Faithfully yours,
Annie G. Massey
President-General, U. D. C.

WITH THE DIVISIONS

MISSOURI

Monument To City

An imposing ceremony of the unveiling of a ndsome monument, a gift to the city by Chapter . 149 of the United Daughters of the Confeder-, occurred at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the rtheast corner of Mill Creek Parkway and Brush eek Boulevard.

Representatives from the other three chapters, bert E. Lee, George Edward Pickett and Stone-ll Jackson, were in attendance and congratulat- the Kansas City chapter, the oldest of the group, its splendid achievement in financing such an pensive and enduring gift to Kansas City to per-tuate the memory of Southern women.

Despite a driving rain, the ceremony began omptly, Mrs. A. D. Touzalin, the chapter's effi-nt and popular president officiating. Rev. arles R. Tyner, rector of St. George's Episcopal urch gave the invocation in a most impressive nner suitable with Southern sentiment.

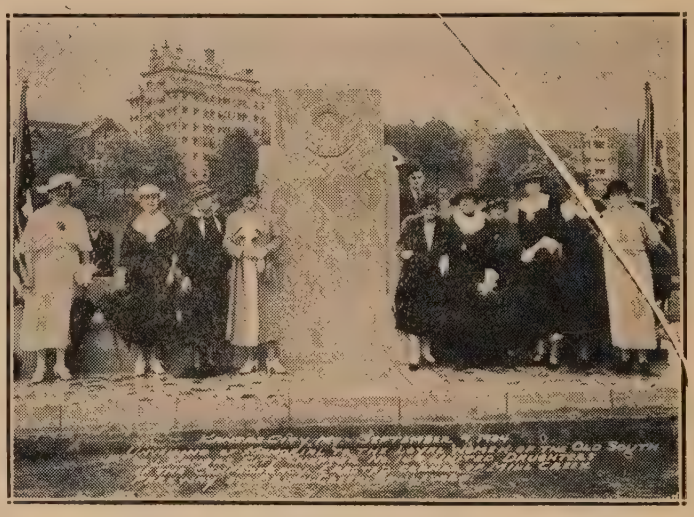
Floyd E. Jacobs, who delivered the principal ad-ess, said at the outset it was sufficient proof of eir loyalty to a cause that the audience remained moved and undaunted by the drenching rain, and ntinued with a glowing tribute to women. He id they were keepers of memories, keepers of tra-tions, and it had always been the women who pt alive historic interest of the country.

"And it is the Daughters of the Confederacy," said, "who represent the composite character of omen of the South. I wish I had time to tell you the things women of the South have accomplish-; not only the erection of monuments of granite, t scrolls engraven upon time, of their high ideals d morals and conceptions of true womanhood, lding fast to their convictions of old fashioned aring in a modern age."

Mrs. Frank V. Webb, chairman of the committee charge of the memorial, in a few well chosen rds in loving memory of the loyal women of the South, and in the name of Kansas City chapter o. 149, unveiled the monument. She was assisted Mrs. W. A. Slaughter, who pulled one of the rds as Mrs. Webb released the other, which held o large flags—the stars and stripes and the stars bars.

Mrs. Touzalin then announced the gift to the ty. W. H. Dunn, superintendent of parks, accepted the gift for Kansas City in the name of the city and the park board. He said it was a most gracious gift, an ornament to our city's beautification plan, and Kansas City accepted it with sincere thanks.

The officers and members of the Kansas City chapter were then photographed as they grouped around the beautiful monument. The officers are Mrs. A. D. Touzalin, president; Mrs. Bruce Pettibone, first vice-president; Mrs. R. B. Shelton, second vice president; Mrs. W. A. Slaughter, third vice-president and recording secretary; Mrs. J. McCormick, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Jennie Webb Tucker, registrar; Mrs. R. L. Malott, treasurer; Mrs. J. W. Comer, historian.



Prominent in the advisers of the chapter which presented the memorial shaft to the city, were two men who were loyal workers and who showed increasing interest in their activities. These men, who were present at the unveiling, were Jo Zach Miller III and E. E. Howard.

The memorial was designed and erected by Richard N. Wakefield, architect. It has an imposing site at the main entrance to the Plaza from the Country Club car line, at the intersection of Mill Creek Parkway and Brush Creek Boulevard. A large tree stands as a stately sentinel as if to guard the monument and shelter it. The base of the monument is of Missouri marble, measuring 11 by 24 feet, and there is a 9-foot shaft of Indiana limestone. At the top is the emblem of the Confederacy, a memorial wreath.

Under the emblem is the inscription: "In Loving Memory of the Loyal Women of the Old South. Erected by Kansas City Chapter No. 149, United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1934."

On the reverse slab of the monument is a quotation from Father Ryan's famous poem, "To the Flag."

'Tis tattered
Broken is its staff
And shattered
And valiant hosts
Are scattered
Over whom it floated high.

The base for the shaft was laid by the park department with two benches of the same Bedford stone as the 9 foot memorial stone.

* * * *

WEST VIRGINIA

U. D. C. Chapters Honor Confederate Veterans

Climaxing a week of delightful society and club activities was the luncheon at one o'clock Sat. in the ballroom of the Fairmont hotel which observed the birthday anniversaries of two distinguished Confederate veterans, General Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. The luncheon was sponsored by the two local chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the William Stanley Haymond and Robert E. Lee chapters and the committee which planned the luncheon and program was composed of Mrs. Edwin Robinson president of the William Stanley Haymond chapter; Mrs. Edward F. Holbert, Miss Hallie Martin and Mrs. O. E. McMillian.

Mrs. Robinson presided and seated with her was Mrs. Charles E. Miller, acting president of the Robert E. Lee chapter.

Dean Oliver Shurtleff of State College was the guest-speaker and he gave a close-up of the lives and characters of the two Confederate generals which he had gleaned through research and study. Dean Shurtleff gave decidedly interesting character sketches of the two generals who played conspicious roles during the Civil War.

Adding much to the enjoyment of the afternoon was an artistic musical program which featured Mrs. Donald Grout and Miss Katherine Moore. Miss Moore played a beautiful piano number entitled "The Harmonica" and accompanied Mrs. Grout who sang two favorite songs of the South, "Loves Old Sweet Song" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and favorite songs of the South including "Dixie" were sung by the guests which numbered forty.

Mrs. Mildred LeMasters Gaskill gave a reading cleverly entitled "Stonewall Jackson's Way" and Mrs. W. G. Bosserman gave an interesting resume of the life of Major Giles B. Cook of Matthews, Va., who is past 90 years old and is only living member of the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The appointments were artistic and beautiful American flags and flags of the Confederacy with cotton blossoms the latter typifying the south were used on the tables. The cotton blossom is the flower of the U. D. C. At the beginning of the meeting the ritual of the chapter was read with the guests taking part.

This was the first joint meeting of the two chapters for a number of years. The birthdays of the two generals are observed each year by each chapter. The birthday of Gen. Lee is January 19 and that Gen. Jackson is January 21.

* * * *

FLORIDA

Plant City Chapter Observe Birthday

Plant City Chapter No. 1931, one of the younger Chapters of the Florida Division, celebrated its eighth birthday on February 21st, at the home of its President, Mrs. William Emery Calvert.

Many of the Charter members were in attendance including the Chapter's first president, Mrs. M. N. Moody, who organized the Chapter in 1927; Mrs. Mary F. Young and Miss Edna Loving, past Presidents, and Miss Elizabeth Alsobrook, the first secretary, in whose home the first meeting was held.

Miss Alsobrook reviewed the objects and accomplishments of the past presidents and presented each in turn with a lovely floral muff in red and white Confederate colors.

The Chapter has done outstanding work in behalf of the Norman J. Randolph Relief Fund, and has also collected an interesting assortment of heirlooms and gift books for its room in the Plant City Public Library, among which are splendid pictures of Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson.

An interesting program of musical numbers, medleys of old Southern songs, appropriate readings, including a special number in memory of the birthday of George Washington, was presented by Mrs. Moody, chairman.

A social hour, during which delicious refreshments were served, concluded this interesting meeting, which was largely attended.

VIRGINIA

SERGEANT COOKE

Sergeant J. Churchill Cooke, son of Rev. John and Elizabeth Edmonia Berkley Cooke, was born at "Dewberry," the family home, and on February twenty-second celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday at his present home, "Airwell", both of these places being among the very oldest homes in Hanover county, Virginia.

(t is said that age is not a matter of years but aliveness, and those who heard Mr. Cooke on nuary, the 17th, when Hanover chapter gave a e-Jackson program, said that they would call n ninety-six years young, so hale and hearty he med and in his reminiscence of the battle of Rac- on Ford he recalled accurately some of the in- nces of that battle with the relation of the loss "his rations," which he said, was a very serious ng for a hungry soldier.

Mr. Cooke was a student at the University of rginia when war broke out and is the oldest al- nus of that institution, and last June attended e Commencement exercises, for the first time ce he was a student there and was called upon to ke a speech which it is said that he did with all e grace and vigor of a much younger man.

Mr. Cooke served the whole period of the war th only a short furlough on account of a wound, was the standard bearer for General Jackson ring the Seven Days' battle. Perhaps his most citing and dramatic experience during the war s at the battle of Fredericksburg, when Gener- Stuart was much concerned about Pelham, who s engaging Burnside. General Stuart called for rgeant Cooke and sent him to ask Pelham how was getting along". The Sergeant mounted his n fleet horse, said he rode through smoke and st falling shells, feeling thankful to his "lucky r" that he reached and delivered his message to j. Pelham whereupon, that officer said "go back d tell General Stuart I'm all right". Mr. Cooke d that he would not have selected either ride as pleasure trip.

He was also with General Stuart at "Yellow vern" in the capacity of scout.

Mr. Cook is the beloved honorary member of nover chapter U. D. C. and on his birthday was sented with a Cherry Tree and hatchet, with ner tokens of remembrance from the chapter mbers.

He is also the adopted grandfather of the Bettie sser chapter C. of C. Friday, February twenty- ond, was devoted by his family to celebrating . Cooke's birthday and during the day friends m Hanover and surrounding counties came to press their congratulations and hopes for happy urns and many of them.

Flags For Memorial Days

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Memorial Associations—attention is called the report of the committee on Correctly Design- Battle Flags given at the New York Convention d November 1934.

The Contract between the United Daughters of Confederacy and Annin and Company having en met in full, the manufacturers have agreed to sell the 12 3-4 by 12 3-4 inch battle flags at rate of Nine Dollars ($9.00) per gross transportation charges to be paid by purchaser.

Orders of less than gross lots to be shipped to any one address, will be at price of One Dollar ($1.00) per dozen, postage prepaid. (See report U. D. C. Minutes, 1934, Pages 232-233)

Use the correctly designed battle flags and send orders Annin and Company, 85 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* * * *

NORTH CAROLINA

Chapel Hill, Feb.—The Leonidas Polk Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Chapel Hill entertained the Julian S. Carr and the Winnie Davis Chapters of Durham and Pittsboro, respectively, at its regular monthly meeting this week in Spencer Hall of the University.

Mrs. W. S. Bernard, President of the North Carolina Division, presided.

Dr. John Booker, of the English Department of the University, gave an interesting talk on the life of Sidney Lanier and read several of the poet's more important works, including "Evening Song" "The Marsh" and "Dawn".

The Daughters of the Confederacy are working towards the placing of Lanier's name in the Hall of Fame in New York.

Mrs. L. C. McKinney of Chapel Hill, sang several songs, and Mrs. A. C. Burnham, also of Chapel Hill, gave two violin selection.

The guests were then invited into the drawing room where refreshments were served. Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Marvin B. Utley, President of Leonidas Polk Chapter, served coffee at a beautifully appointed table.

Confederate flags were arranged throughout the rooms, and a color scheme of red and white was carried out in the form of red candles, red and white mints and cakes.

Among the invited guests were Mrs. Julian Gregory, President of the Pittsboro Chapter and Director of the Seventh District; Mrs. Victor Johnson, of Pittsboro, Chairman of the Bessie Bell Reed Fund Committee; Mrs. R. C. Everett, of Durham, Pres. of the Durham Chapter; Miss Carrie Jackson, leader of the Pittsboro Children of the Confederacy; Mrs. Little and Mrs. Caldwell of Wadesboro, and Mrs. Redwood, of Durham.

* * * *

Chapel Hill, Feb. 7—Celebrating Lee-Jackson Day, Prof. W. S. Bernard, of the University of North Carolina, addressed the school children of Durham on "Lee and Patriotism" under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Bernard, who is President of the North Carolina Division of the U. D. C., was honor guest

at a delightful luncheon at the monthly meeting of the Julian S. Carr Chapter at Durham. Mrs. Bernard was presented with a beautiful corsage.

On Wednesday, February 13, Mrs. Bernard will be the guest of honor at a meeting of the Gen. James Johnson Pittigrew Chapter of Raleigh at the home of Mrs. John H. Anderson, recently retired Historian General of the Daughters.

Mrs. Bernard will address the group.

Raeford, Feb.—The Raeford chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at its first meeting of the new year met with Mrs. H. S. McLean and Mrs. A. K. Currie, at the home of the former.

Mrs. Currie, who is president, presided and reports from officers and committees were heard.

Miss Kymena Smith was in charge of the program on "Lee-Jackson-Maury".

Mrs. Mary B. McLean, 91-year-old widow of a Confederate veteran made a plea for the continuation of U. D. C. work.

Fayetteville, Feb—Renovation of the Confederate Women's Home in Fayetteville was made possible through a legacy left by Mrs. Alford Carpenter, one of the ladies in the Home who died two years ago, according to announcement by Mrs. E. R. MacKethan President of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The legacy consisted of a farm in Randolph County, which when sold by the State amounted to enough to renovate the Home. Two other ladies left insurance policies which have been used for the same purpose.

The State is supplementing this fund for additional furnishings.

In charge of the work done was Mr. Charles G. Rose, chairman of the State Board, Mrs. MacKethan, chairman of the U. D. C. Board, and Mrs. Ina Foust Smith, superintendent of the Home.

An effort was made to use the money left in ways which will bring added comfort to the old ladies and at the same time commemorate the beneficiaries.

The repairs made were completed and ready for inspection by Christmas, Mrs. MacKethan said.

Walls and floors were refinished and the entire interior was painted. The kitchen floor was covered with linoleum and a large double sink installed. The roofs of the main building and the chapel were painted.

"Christmas", said the old ladies in commenting on the improvements, "was the very happiest one we ever had."

Donations in cash and presents were given by the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter. The traditional tree, laden with individual gifts was enjoyed, along with a Christmas dinner.

Christmas at the Soldiers Home consisted in Christmas service, carols being sung by a delega tion from the Presbyterian Church of Fayettevill

On Christmas eve, two lighted trees brightene entrance of the Home and the windows of the ho pital. Inside the veterans and their friends gath ered around a big open fire to enjoy an indoor tre which held gifts from U. D. C. chapters throughou the State.

Those in the wards of the hospital who were un able to be present were taken gifts. An old fash ioned Christmas breakfast and dinner were served

In the afternoon each veteran received specia remembrances in gifts of money from the James A Lane Chapter of Charlotte, the High Point Chapte of High Point, and the Leonidas Polk Chapter o Chapel Hill.

On New Year's Day, the veterans received specia donations from General Shakespeare Harris, com mander of the North Carolina Division of th United Confederate Veterans.

The month of January is being given over by th North Carolina Division of the U. D. C. to contrib uting additional funds to the State appropriatio in order that nurses may be obtained for the old ladies of the Confederate Woman's Home in time of illness.

* * * *

The N. C. Division, as usual, had a state wide celebration of Lee-Jackson day. The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter held its meeting in the House o Representatives at the Capital, Raleigh, with th Lt. Gov., A. H. Graham, presiding, Senator Car rol Weathersas speaker. The State president, Mrs W. S. Bernard was an honor guest.

Mrs. John H. Anderson gave a radio address from Raleigh, as well as speaking to the four col leges in that city.

At the University of N. C., Chapel Hill, Dr. W S. Bernard, gave an address to a large gathering of students.

Christmas was celebrated at the two N. C. Con federae Homes, for soldiers and for their widows with numerous gifts and trees.

Improvements have been recently made at the Womans Home in Fayetteville, funds being used from a small estate left by a former inmate.

The Division Pres., Mrs. W. S. Bernard, was honor guest and speaker at the February meeting of the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter, U. D. C. held at the home of Mrs. John H. Anderson, in Raleigh. She told of the many phases of work that the N. C. Division is to accomplish during the coming year. Her address was received with much appreciation. The usual special emphasis placed on subscriptions to the Southern Magazine. The major pro-

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he Story of the Penland Weavers

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ly representation at the Fair. While no large ount of money was made, the experience brought nefits in advertising, in new contracts, and best all in furnishing a full summer's work to the avers that was worth more than money. One of happiest contacts formed was with the well own St. Louis Guild of Weavers, the members which weave beautiful tapestries and other ar- les merely for the joys derived from weaving em. This Guild invited Miss Morgan to St. uis to speak to the members about the work at nland. Through this contact, the Penland weav- s became allied with one of the most important aving organizations in the country.

In June, amid much optimism and pageantry, Century of Progress opened its second year with e products of The Penland Weavers and Potters ain proudly displayed at the Carolina Cabin. In impressive opening ceremony, Governor Horner d Mayor Kelly prophesied a brilliant success for e second exposition, an exposition which they de- ared would not be a continuation of the 1933 orld's Fair, but which, in its own right, would ark the beginning of another century of progress. l outward appearances seemed then to support eir arguments, but perhaps because in the minds many people it was an anticlimax or perhaps be- use of other more important reasons—the Expo- ion of 1934 proved less successful than the Ex- sition of 1933. Carolina Cabin sales fell far be- w the sales of 1933. Early in the season, it be- me evident, Chicago sales could not be depend- upon to carry the organization through another ar. Fewer woman, naturally, were able to weave, ner curtailments were made, but visitors to the bin continued to become interested in the work. ople admired who could not buy; the circle of ends grew large. The band of faithful volun- rs, together with Mrs. Hensley, worked through n and terrific heat, through chilling winds, and ough bitter disappointments from poor sales. ly occasionally were they able to make a sale ge enough to thrill them, but they held on to the l. When Chicago's merciless heat was prostrat- g people all over the Fair grounds, they donned l-fashioned mountain costume of linsey-woolsey d hot, black bonnet to go out in the street and ark" through the megaphone the virtues of Pen- d products. How, then, can we determine, ex- ting in dollars and cents, the ultimate results of e second year's participataion in A Century of ogress?

At the close of the Fair, the little "Travelog" re- turned by truck to its native hills. Its wanderings and worldly experiences over, it will stand permanently on a favored spot of earth near the pottery. Grateful hands will plant roses 'round its door in recognition of the service it has rendered.

By far the most heartening event of 1934 was the fifth annual Weaving Institute which drew to the Penland hill top a most remarkable group of forty-eight students representing twenty-two states and District of Columbia. It was an heterogeneous group of people—separated by distance and, for the most part engaged in dissimilar professions, and yet one student remarked that the world might be searched over and over and there never would be found a more congenial group.

In many other ways not directly connected with Penland, a wonderful group spirit was shown. It might assert itself one evening around the fireplace when a young woman instructor from Vassar College would be demonstrating how to make fluffy animals out of soft wool, or on another evening when an extension worker from the University of Tennessee showed an interested class how to weave purses on cardboard, or it might be in evidence the next day when a weaver, skilled in the intricacies of Spanish weaving would be teaching her art to the other members of the group. Thus, permanted by a spirit of giving and sharing on the part of the students as well as on the part of Mr. Worst, the fifth annual Institute was one which shall long be remembered.

In October, 1934 the forth consecutive exhibit was taken to the Triennial Meeting of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, convening in Atlantic City with results similar to those of the World's Fair. Only a fraction of the amount sold in Washington six years before was taken in at Atlantic City, but it was gratifying to have friends of former years come in with less money in their pockets, to be sure, but with just as much warmth in their hearts.

Johnson's Island

Continued from page 21

and Beall, the master spirit, was left to brood over a failure which was all the more bitter because of its near success. In less than four months he was captured and executed on Governor's Island. Cole was removed to Johnson's Island after his arrest in Sandusky, was confined there for some months, and after the close of the war was released by order of the President.

Thus was the plan to release the prisoners on Johnson's Island conceived and thus did it fail, adding one more tragic chapter to the tragic story of the War Between The States.

The Claims of Sidney Lanier to the Hall of Fame

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of expression, but in the quality of his thinking. In his poetry not one word that is lustful or base, not one thought that besmirches may be found. I have yet to discern one flaw in the crystal-clear philosophy bespoken in his writings, and as in accounts of his blameless life: only the sincerity of his faith, undaunted by apparent poverty, illness and care.

As a musician alone Sidney Lanier might have earned fame, for as a flutist he ranked high. Hear what Asger Hamerick, his director for six years in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore says:

"In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry; they were not only true and pure but poetic—" And he says a great deal more. Music, we know, was Lanier's first love, and brought to him his first gleams of abiding genius. "Music" to quote the poet, "means harmony, harmony means love, love means—God!" It is to be regretted that none of his own musical compositions were preserved.

As a scholar and teacher our Lanier holds high place. His "Science of English Verse" is commended as a textbook. His literary editions for boys are invaluable to youth.

As a poet Lanier longed for freedom of expression in verse. Most of his life, however he was hedged about by the necessity of conforming to public tastes in order to obtain recognition, while reserving for future use his own original style. When he had succeeded in winning his audience he gave wings to his own ideas of poetical form. In "Sunrise", "The Marshes of Glynn" and other Hymns of the Marshes he gave free rein to his own style and proved to himself and the world that he possesses a special, exceedingly melodious poetic form, independent of the laws followed by others. But he was reserved and did not allow freedom to intoxicate him as he felt did some other poets of his time.

"A poet is the mocking bird of the spiritual universe" declared Lanier at one time, and as such he felt that his message must be on a higher plane than materialty which he used merely as a form upon which to place the mantle of his poetry.

Today we need Lanier's love of peace, his purity of thought, his loftiness of purpose. More than ever we need his simplicity, his harmony, his spiritual cord—and accord! We need his patriotism which to him is more than a love of home-land, but a love of God and Man. We need his sense of values: putting things spiritual and satisfying above things material and unsatisfying. It is the sum of these qualities and the timelessness—and timeliness—of his message which renders Lanier and his work of permanent worth. A diamond which shines in the dark amid so much that is inconsequential and fleeting.

With the Divisions

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ject for this year, Mrs. Bernard stated, is the completion of the fund for the Memorial Pavilion in the Confederate Cemetery at Raleigh. This will be a beautiful Monument to the N. C. soldiers and sailors of all wars, and will be a source of pride to the N. C. Division. The Chairman of this work is Mrs. Alfred Williams of Raleigh.

Historical Highlights

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The South furnished many other writers of the state craft, such as James Monroe, Patrick Henry, John Randolph, Henry Laurens, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, and others. To Colonel William Byrd of Virginia we owe the entertaining account of the Carolina-Virginia boundary line, one of the few early books that is really readable today. Col. Byrd's Diary is also most delightful. As early as 1676 Col. Byrd gave thirty nine public libraries to his State. Though Washington Alston of South Carolina owes his chief celebrity to his paintings, yet his literary works alone would give him high rank among men of genius today, his poems being delicate and exquisite in thought. Alston's "Sylphs of the Seasons", in 1813, was pronounced by James Ryssell Lowell to be "the embodiment of the first artistic spirit which came to expression in American Literature". Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey also declared Alston's poetic and artistic genius unsurpassed by any man of his age."

In historical writings the early South was prolific. The first interest in historical English work in America was fostered by Thomas Jefferson, who had acquired an enthusiasm for the study of Anglo Saxon. It was he who encouraged the study of English at William and Mary College, of which he was an aluminus. Robert Beverly of Virginia, left a narrative painting the early period of the colony. John Lawson's surveying story is full on interest.

Other historical writers were—Gayarre, Weems, Benton, Wirt, Drayton, Ramsay, Tucker, Lee, Archbald, Murphy and John Leeds Bozman.

It is impossible to mention the many writers preceding the Sixties, but this list should contain the chief ones.

American Craft----With A Pedigree

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anner, with the mule going patiently 'round and ound, through the shaping of the pliable clay on e primitive potter's wheel, (for it is all hand done the age old fashion) and on into the heat of the ln is put into practical use daily by the artist's ife, an artist herself. The pottery is made in a ork room under pine trees, displayed at a log abin" in artistic fashion, but to those who are iends of the couple, the log cabin home of these tistic folk is the zenith of art itself. This work arted eighteen years ago by these two artistic uls who were ready to sacrifice everything for rt for art's sake, for they started with no capital, at this lost art in North Carolina might survive. iving is simple in this log cabin home and while nner is cooked by Mrs. Busbee in her kitchen, ore often than not over the open fire for she is lept at open fire cookery, meals are eaten from a ble which came down from the early English pot- rs, and by candle light. The Jugtown ware is sed exclusively except for a few pieces of old cop- r used for cooking. The large living room with 's rare old pieces of furniture and book-lined alls is charming with the open log fire for a back- round, the kitchen is even more inviting and into is kitchen at tea-time come people from all parts the world, for these two interesting personalities raw unusual, charming and prominent people to em with no effort whatever save for themselves. his kitchen, like the rest of the house is fitted ith things native—corner cupboards many, many ars old. Delicate and precious pieces of china— rvivals of the Staffordshire potters—a gorgeous est holds the linen for the table while plate racks ith pottery, both useful and ornamental, line the alls of this intriguing room.

Having a shop in a fashionable quarter and dis- nsing the pottery of artists and other apprecia- ve folk, the first few years of the work, and then aving notables from every section come the bad ads (until within recent months when the state as worked wonders) to enjoy her hospitality, has ft this helpmate unspoiled and if any change, as made her more charming. Surely this lovely are cannot be entirely responsible for the savory hicken pies served steaming from the bright range chicken pie pottery—the golden brown tur- ey or pheasant lying in state on a huge black latter of the same ware (the turkey and pheasants ised by Mr. Busbee who is quite a poultry fan- er) or the baked beans cooked over the open fire the old English bean dish! Mrs. Busbee's deft fingers are the motivating force just as her taste and hand fashion the orange curtains at the windows, the homespun coverlets and pillows of the living room couch.

These people do not spend all their time in the study of their beloved art, nor do they take all their time in entertaining distinguished visitors, Mrs. Busbee has encouraged the many natives, who have ever spun their own cloth, to re-oil their spinning wheels and many a yard of cloth has been spun in the past few months by their busy fingers. Basketry has also been revived in the neighborhood along with other arts and crafts.

Perhaps the most noticeable influence seen by the travelers is the display of vari-colored pottery, for the tale of the busy potter's wheel at Jugtown fast spread over Piedmont Carolina. Many people talented in the art revived their interest, and with varied success are making wares. Although so far as is known, Mr. Busbee is the only artist designer, the highways are aglow with color in many places with the revival and survival of the potter's art. It has for many years been the dream of the Busbees to give to their state something very beautiful—they have done this and more, for they have rekindled the love of arts and crafts in both young and old in their native North Carolina.

For those who wish to visit this famous potter and his wife, in their native mountain section, Jugtown, you can motor over the lovely North Carolina roads to Steeds and from there just over the Randolph County Line in Moore County, you will find these treasures so desired the world over, and may meet these charming artists who have given their lives to the restoration of what might have been, a "lost art".

U. D. C. Department of Education

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by two of the South's finest universities to one student in each division listed. I urge that you find suitable students to fill these vacancies, as well as those offered by other leading institutions to students in all divisions.

Five gift scholarships are available to new students, and at a combined value of one thousand, nine hundred, and forty-five dollars. The rules governing these awards are the same that apply to all others, but because they carry no obligation of repayment by the student they are essentially suited to deserving young men and women whose present financial condition will preclude their attendance of college without the assistance that these gift awards afford.

The end of the current year will find fifteen students graduating, each one of whom has been

assisted in some degree by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the bestowal of loans, gift, or tuition scholarships. These are:

Ralph C. Cole, Okla. A & M. College.

William W. Fowlkes, Washington and Lee University.

Hattie Ellice Lewis, Fredericksburg, Virginia, State Teachers College.

Lee Temple, University of West Virginia.

Elizabeth M. Burk, George Peabody College for Teachers.

Dan Penick Gholson, Washington and Lee University.

Miles Poindexter, II, School of Law, University of Virginia.

Lois Gault, Lander College.

Charlotte Jean Smith, Central College.

Edith R. Christian, Randolph-Macon Women's College.

Vermell Wise, Centre College.

Thomas H. Camden, Randolph Macon Academy

John C. Chenault, Jr., Transylvania College

Margaret Siceloff, University of North Carolina.

Mary A. Whitely, College of William and Mary.

I am sorry that space does not permit me to tell you of the honors that have come to each of these students in his or her senior year. It is a record of achievement that has proved the worth and tested the metal of these fine young people in their gallant effort to win against obstacles. In this, they set us a fine example which should not go unnoticed. Every member of this organization will share in a feeling of pride for the service rendered, each of us playing only a small part, but in the whole a glorious accomplishment. Let us keep up our interest in this work of education in full knowledge of its great valaue. Let us help it to grow steadily for there is still work to be done. Our crying need is for funds with which to assist graduate students to allow them a year or two to specialize in some particular field.

As a parting message, I plead for your contributions to the Mrs. L. H. Raines Fund from which these loans to graduate students are drawn. I am sure that you would not withhold your support if you could read the urgent letters that come to me daily from bewildered young people who have a great desire to reach the high pinnacle of fame but who cannot do this without our help.

Old Art in New Fields

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culars were sent out inviting the artists to come to the mountains for the summer at a very nominal rate and enjoy with them the delights of a season in the mountains. That was three years ago and since that time artists have crowded the big house and run-over into cottages in the yard. Work and play have filled the sunny hours and the crowd lingers on until the frost has turned the great hills and mountains to gold and red of autumn. Not only have artists availed themselves of this lovely spot in the heart of the hills, but others who seek rest and change have found it also, and "Homewood" is one of the favorite resorts in this section.

During the past year, the young artists have done other things than play hostess to visiting artists, writers, and seekers of health in their home. The restoration of many of the famous historical sections in Virginia has originated for them a line of work which is quite new. Sketches and wash drawings of many of these homes have been in demand and they have added their unusual technic to Romance of old homes and these paintings have demanded attention.

Within the past season, Miss Elizabeth Wilkins has presented much of her work in exhibitions in the Academy of Fine-Arts, Richmond and Philadelphia, and been awarded prizes for her unusual pictoral and historical maps. Mountain photography for illustrative purpose has also been one of the lures of this section. Weaving, pottery work, basket making and mountain industries have given these artists subjects much to be desired.

The proximity to the National Parks with their wealth of wild flowers have attracted both botanist and artists. In this field there is a never end change in the heart of the hills.

Garden Week In Virginia

Continued from page 7

here to pay court to lovely ladies; later, Continental officers and burgesses came to discuss the patriot cause and tarried to enjoy the charm of social life; still later it became the headquarters of Federal officers. Soldiers ruined its gardens, tore down fences and mutilated the building, leaving it desolate. But again it smiles in all its glory—the finest example in the country of colonial architecture and perfection in detail of landscape gardening.

Up the river toward Richmond is Shirley. Every Virginian thrills to that name. It was the old country seat of the Hills and Carters. The beautiful estate was patented by Edward Hill in 1664. He was a very wealthy man and his grand-daughter inherited the estate in 1720. She married John Carter son of "King" Carter who owned vast estates and built a dozen baronial mansions on his quarter million acres of land. Whoever has seen this fine old square mansion with double portico entrance and third story dormer windows can never

get it. For nearly two centuries it has wel- ned hundreds who played distinguished roles American history. It was here that Light Horse rry Lee won the fair Anne Hill Carter, mother General Robert E. Lee. The estate has never the Carter family and is still one of the treas- s in the Virginia treasure chest of history and e.

he Main Street of the South

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to govern. She was the source of stability and she was regarded as unworthy or to have—or, any rate, did not possess—legal control even of own children whom she bore in plenty.

The world today needs the ladies. It regrets the s of the sense of security of a world in which lies moved, rustling. But now that there are "no re ladies," there is at least a chance that their appearance was not so much a fall as an escape m the imprisoning pedestal. It must have been ch more pleasant to look up to it than down m it.

* * * *

NFEDERATE VETS TO ET AT AMARILLO

Amarillo, Texas, March 27—The 1935 reunion the United Confederate veterans will be held in narillo about September 1, Carl Hinton, secre- y of the Amarillo chamber of commerce and for- r commander-in-chief of the Sons of Confederate terans said today.

Amarillo was advised yesterday that its invi- ion had been accepted. The definite date for the ur-day gathering will be set later.

Hinton said he would leave tonight on a trip ich would take him to Nashville, Tenn., where would confer with Adjutant-General Harry ne Lee and other officials regarding plans for reunion.

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

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mselves through her troubled thought. Poetry s often thus become a means of release, as well a healing agent in time of sorrow and anxiety. ntinuing to find her source of inspiration in this dium, she took a summer course in prosody at vard University for the perfecting of her form. In 1920 Mrs. Montgomery's first poem appeared the New York Times. Since that time many of poems have been published in the leading gazines of the country. In 1925, her first vol- e of poems was published under the title, *"Ulysses Returns and Other Poems"* The title poem in this volume had won the first prize of the Poetry Society of America, two years earlier.

A second volume, *"Many Devices"*, was brought out in 1929. Its pages were filled with poems reprinted from The Century Magazine, The Golden Book, Forum, Argosy, The American Review, Voices, Bozart, The Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times, The World, The Sun and many other publications, prominent in the magazine and newspaper world. Mrs. Montgomery was also widely known for her latin translations; her preoccupation with classical subjects being in the true southern tradition.

A third volume was in the process of preparation for the printer when death stayed the hand of this gifted writer in September 1933. Taken in the prime of her life, the passing of Roselle Mercier Montgomery is an inestimable loss, not only to those who knew and loved her personally, but to all who hold dear the cause of poetry, and who value those choice spirits whose lips have been touched with the divine fire. It may truly be said of her that she made a significant contribution to the revelation of beauty in the world.

Albert Addison Myers

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In 1881 Mr. Myers was elected to the legislature for a two year term and while there he helped make the Eight Box Election Law which is still in force today, also, the Fence Law.

At the Reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., Col. Walker said in his speech that he wanted to present one of the bravest men in the Confederate army and asked Mr. Myers to stand and receive the cheers which lasted for several minutes. Another touching incident of the Reunion is described by Irvine W. Myers as follows:

"Father and I were invited to the Reunion at Chattanooga as the guest of my uncle. by marriage, Mr. W. J. Willingham. I think it was the second day we were there when we were invited to dinner (or lunch) at the home of Mr. Willingham's son, Mr. C. M. Willingham. Of course our host and his family were also invited, together with other relatives and friends of the Willingham's many of whom were also visitors to the Reunion. When we entered we were taken to the parlor and introduced to the other assembled guests, none of us recognizing each other. In a few minutes we were invited to the dining room for the lunch and it was a beautiful affair, some twenty-five or thirty guests and the table was beautifully decorated.

There were place cards and we found our places and were seated. It so happened that I was seated

next to my newly made hostess and after the blessing was asked and was time for conversation I picked up my place card and noticed my Hostess had spelled "Ervin" instead of "Irvine" and I remark to her that she did not spell my name correctly and she said, "well how do you spell it," I said, "Irvine, I was named for Col. Irvine Walker of Charleston, S. C. who was Col. of my father's regiment, the 10th S. C." An old gentlemen on the other side of my hostess asked what I had said, I repeated it. He said, he was also in the 10th S. C. and Col. Walker was in command. I spoke to father, "Father this gentleman was in your regiment during the war," My Father said, "Were you? Who are you? "My name is Ford was the reply. "Is that Sandy Ford?" my father asked and he said "Yes". Another gentleman down the line said "I was in that regiment, too," and then another spoke up as I remember but do not recall these last two names making four in all at that table from the same regiment and possibly the only living members of that immortal regiment. Well, Father jumped to his feet and so did "Sandy" Ford and then the others and you have never seen such handclasps and embracing of men, the ladies began to weep, so did we all, of course for joy, and I have never witnessed such a scene. My father, always fond of the ladies and they of him were the recipient of many kisses and tokens of affection by all the ladies present. It was sometime before the assembled party settled down and enjoyed the wonderful meal. It also developed that our senior host who was years younger than Father was also in the 10th S. C. regiment for a little while at the close of the war."

Early in 1925 when Col. Walker's health began to fail he decided to give to the Legislature the torn and tattered flag, Mr. Myers had so courageously saved during the battle of Bentonsville during the close of the war. He wrote Mr. Myers asking him to attend the services, which he did and told the Legislature how he had saved the flag. These Presentation Ceremonies were on Feb. 4th, 1925 On March 27th, 1925, he received a hand carved tray, an exact duplicate of the flag which had been presented to the Legislature in February, from Col. Walker with this letter:

Mr. Albert A. Myers
Late 1st Sergt. Col I 10th S. C. Fegt. S. S. A.
Pamplico, S. C.

My dear Comrade:,

In commemoration of the Flag Presentation Ceremonies Feb. 4th, 1925 in which you so kindly assisted, telling the Legislature of the S. Car. how you saved the 10th S. C. Regt. Flag at the battle of Bentonsville, N. C., I have carved this tray and take greatest pleasure in presenting the same to you, my old comrade, who shared for four years the dangers and hardships of war, with your comrade and one time Commander.

Most sincerely yours
C. Irvine Walker

March 27th, 1925.

Rhododendron Festival

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stay in the city will be a constant whirl of participation in brilliant affairs.

After his accession to the throne during the 1934 fete, the seventh King of the Festival serves as commander-in-chief until the Festival of 1935. The military ball, which takes place on the eve of the opening of the principal Festival events, will mark the change in commanders-in-chief from the old king to the new.

Serving in the royal staff of the Brigade, with rank as princes royal, honorary colonels and equerries in the royal household are the seven former kings of the fetes of 1928, to 1934.

Other events in the fete program will include: baby parade of tom-thumb floats, Rhododendron Ball and presentation of state sponsors at court; mutt dog parade of doggy floats and marching canines, the annual Jester's Revel with torchlight parade, showing on streets and roofs of buildings in the downtown section, and the Sponsors Ball, honoring the state sponsors.

Four parades, four major dances, the Rhododendron Pageant and coronation made up the colorful exhibition which attracted the attention of nearly a quarter-million people during the years presentation of this floral season's spectacle.

IN MEMORY

Mrs. Victoria Seay White passed away at the home of her daughter (Mrs. M. Eunice Mann) Baltimore, Maryland, February 26th, 1935.

Mrs. White was in her 91st. year, born in Fluvanna Co. Va. where she lived until a year before her death. She was the daughter of the late Sarah and Austin Seay of Virginia, the latter's parent a veteran of the "War of 1812", Widow of Sergeant Samuel Eastin White of Buckingham, La., who preceded her in death in his 91st year, March 31, 1932.

Sargeant White served in the "War Between the States", under General "Stonewall" Jackson, Co. C. 44th Regiment Virginia Infantry. Surviving are six children twenty six grand children and ten great-grand children. Mrs. White was an honorary member of Fluvanna Chapter, U. D. C.

nother "First" for Virginia

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he dramatic world, but the buildings were at leased and in early summer of 1933, twenty- actors came south and the Barter Theatre was ched in full force. At first some of the Abing- folks were slightly prejudiced against having oup of actors in the heart of their refined and orical town, but all feeling in the matter soon sed away when the very charming young girls courteous men were introduced and began to gle daily with their neighbors.

cross the street from the college was an old tre. One of the oldest in Southwestern Vir- a where Jefferson and Booth had both played. ad served in capacity as church and Town Hall housed the Mayor's office. It was soon con- ed into a little theatre and arrangements made seating about 300 people. The group began giv- performances twice a week in Abingdon and the r nights in a radius of 80 miles in the towns r. A bus called "Bessie" transported scenery actors and carried them back to base at night. ssie" covered nearly 4,000 miles during the first son. There was always a heavier load coming k for the "barter" had to be conveyed to base . There was a fine exchange of fruit, vege- es, canned goods, chickens, eggs, butter, cake once a little pig, for theatre tickets. Mr. Por- ield states that he has never in his travels eaten h cake and pickles, preserves, jelly and beaten uit as right here in the Southwestern Virginia ion. The pig mentioned above has been the most fitable of seats sold during the year. Mr. Por- ield farmed the pig at "home" and since then n presented with nine season tickets equally fitable.

n a near by town lived a coffin-maker who regu- y attended the theatre and brought with him e of his own handwork, but not what you would ect. He also makes walking canes and nightly sents his stick at the door, in exchange for a .

he 1933 season closed with a good time for all he books balanced on the right side and after a son of training under the critical eyes of the ll town audience, the actors felt that with ease could brave the *blase* New York crowds.

During the summer of 1934, a larger number ived at the Barter Colony and Theatre in Ab- don. It became a social as well as a dramatic ter. Teas, parties, bridge, dancing were part each days program and the "smart" set of four es motored over for an afternoon entertain- nt. Over 10,000 miles were traveled and the ritory enlarged for the demand for the programs increased. Attention was given to Folk plays from the rich field of folk lore and music of the section, and promises to be one of the features of the 1935 summer season.

Among the plays presented by the group last year were "the Second Man", "Holiday," "Coquette", "Dangerous Corner", 'The Late Christopher Bean" and several tryouts. The list of plays for this summer has not yet been released by Mr. Porterfield who has been with Leslie Howard during the winter in "The Petrified Forest". What ever it is, there is the assurance that it will be good for the "barter idea" is growing as it has placed dramatic entertainment within the reach of everyone and made it possible for the theatre to end a season out of the "red" which is unusual. Through the quality of the performance it has attained an extraordinary growth and the original idea has proven an important experiment in the dramatic world.

Historical Department

Continued from page 35

Musicians, directors all seemed en rapport with the poem and to follow its development with interest and sympathy.

The audition room, its side walls of triple glass half way to the ceiling, behind which the visitors could drop in and out without being heard in the room, the control box also behind heavy glass, the arrangements of mike for speaker and another for musicians, the concentration of each participant, perfect adaptation of music to words, gave confidence to the reader and made the message from Lanier vital and inspiring.

The actual reading of the poem covered twenty-two minutes, and in the other three minutes Mrs. Dennis spoke her introduction, the music opened and closed, the Director said his little speech and I felt that I had introduced through the filaments that bind the world in one vast audience our Lanier as could have been accomplished by no other means. In evidence that this was done there came to Radio City many inquiries from the Pacific to the Atlantic about the poem and the poet, which the office forwarded to me to be kept with my other letters and wires of this happy experience in my efforts to have Lanier known better to a large world.

The Conductor encouraged me at once with the statement "Do not think about the volume of music. It will be toned down with the voice as they go out through the control box and in response to the question "suppose an imp should make me want to cough or sneeze during the rendition?" I was told to lean over to the side as all sounds went directly through the honeycomb front of the mike and merely covering the mouth would not procure salvation.

For rejuvenation, for thrills incomparable just try talking on your favorite theme from the top of the world. One feels that every body is listening and loses sight of those who cut off the voice of an undesired speaker.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are grateful for this privilege in behalf of this Committee to Mrs. Frank Dennis, Georgia Chairman, to Mr. Lambdin Kay of WSB Atlanta Journal and to the delightful Gods of the Overworld in Radio City, particularly Messrs. Carlin, Merriman, Dumont Honti and the whole staff of The Symphony put at our disposal.

The Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival

Continued from page 9

The celebration covers two consecutive days each replete with entertainment. One of the high spots of the first day's program is the coronation of "Queen Shenandoah". This ceremony is based upon ancient coronation rituals and is accompanied with all the color, pomp, and music that might be incident to the induction into office of a real potentate. The court of the queen is composed of maids of honor, ladies in waiting, and numerous princesses. The coronation, which takes place on the first day of the Festival, is immediately followed by the pageant, which is staged on the portico, esplanade, and stadium of the beautiful Handley School grounds. A more commodious or appropriate setting for such an event can scarcely be imagined. The Pageant is prepared by Garland R. Quarles, Superintendent of the Handley Schools, and is staged by the large corps of teachers and pupils of that institution. It is supported by a musical accompaniment, furnished by the Handley High School band, under the direction of William H. McIlwee. Many historical events are portrayed and may ancient and modern dances exemplified by the cast of approximately one thousand participants. The costumes are selected with great care as to their appropriateness and present a wealth of color and beauty. No one who has witnessed this Pageant in the past has had anything but words of enthusiastic praise for its glamourous beauty.

On the first day is also held the Parade of the Human Blossoms, presented by the school children of Frederick County, the several groups presenting the various episodes entering into the growing, harvesting, packing and marketing of the vast apple crop of this territory.

The second day is marked by a repetition of the Pageant. In the afternoon is presented the grand feature parade—The Trail of The Pink Petals, which is made up of a great number and variety of beautifully decorated floats, surmounted by young women of matchless beauty and in regal garb. There are numerous bands of music, interspersed at frequent intervals in the line of progress, and added color and zest are given by the presence of many Posts of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other military and civic organizations, including the entire corps of cadets from various military schools, accompanied by their own military bands, with colors flying and every accompaniment of pomp and circumstance.

The date of the Festival is fixed not less than ten days in the advance of the event and is broadcast over many radio stations and through the daily newspapers.

On the Trail of Virginia Folk Lore

Continued from page 12

was sent to my aunt by her lover who later died at Chancellorsville," says the lady.

I read, "I heard this ballad last night, when I come home I'll teach you the tune."

Faded ink, faded hopes, obliterating years, but the song is fresh and brave and will live again in new pages.

Folk songs are not the only lore in the state. Like the children of Rip Van Winkle we have listened to tales of "ghosts, witches and Indians." There are certain superstitions and practices still extant in Virginia inherited from the centuries of witch terror. The conjure, the witch doctor with his spells, and the charms for good and evil are still believed in by many people in both town and country.

"If you hate a woman git a braid of her hair and throw it in the creek, and she'll go away and never come back no more, follering the runnin' water to the sea."

An aged hag leered at me across a pack of soiled playing cards as we sat in the railroad shanty one stormy night last January. Our talk had strayed to evil luck brought on by "spells." Her voice had sunk to a whisper. "Plenty comes here to me to find out things, colored and white, big bugs, too, and I tell 'em what to do when they're in trouble. Now here's a trick that don't never fail,—Take nine drops of blood from a dyin' snake. . ." So went the tale, much as it would have done in the hut of a sorceress in earlier ages.

A colored deacon who lives in a fine residence in the colored section shakes his head fearfully. "No, Miss, I ain't goin' to 'stract your mine wid no wicked conjure tale—but"—his hands tremble and his eyes are wide—"dey is hants, yes, siree, right here on de Valley road. I seen de hants, of Indians lookin' for treasure dey buried dar when I pass along afteh dark."

But the folk collector must make haste before the march of civilization has swept all this into oblivion, for the fifty heart-songs of the patient medicine advertiser blare out from the radio in country store and home, while the phonograph grinds away the songs of Tin Pan Alley. Because of these and with the great highways penetrating our last wilderness bringing with them the automobile and "civilization", the folk-song and even more ancient folk ways are vanishing, never to return.

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Do You Know How to Conduct a Meeting?

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THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE
Wytheville, Virginia

Parliamentary Usage by Emma A. Fox was adopted in 1921 as the authority of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It may be obtained postpaid by sending One Dollar to The Southern Magazine, Wytheville, Virginia.

It is written in simple language and yet contains all that any one can expect in a volume of this kind.

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